The Mirror of Life

ACCURATE ILLUSTRATIONS OF THE LEADING EVENTS OF THE DAY

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PLAYING HOP-SCOTCH IN THE DRAWING ROOM.

A Game Pleasing to Ladies and Fascinating to Men.

The Mirror of Life
ACCURATE ILLUSTRATIONS OF THE LEADING EVENTS OF THE DAY.

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Reader (Cardiff).—Send one shilling in stamps and we will send you, post paid, "The Life and Battles of James J. Corbett."
Subscriber (Brighton).—Jem Mace is not to spar with J. J. Corbett. He is engaged for a short period to appear as a second to the champion in the boxing scene.
W. B. (Sunderland).—A letter addressed to J. J. Corbett, care of The Mirror of Life, will reach the champion.
Ascor.—Thanks for communication.
N. B. (Coventry).—Your request has been granted.
B. (Glasgow).—Send portrait.
W. (Glasgow).—Will consider your proposition.

If a crowded house and unbounded enthusiasm count, then James J. Corbett is pretty sure of a prosperous season at the Drury Lane Theatre in his play called "Gentleman Jack."

As an actor Corbett is far in advance of any athlete ever seen on the stage in this country, and with but little tutoring he would rate well up in the list of Thespians. His delivery is good, likewise his deportment, but he requires to display a little more action. The people who attended the opening performance were indeed agreeably surprised, and really pleased when they saw the gentlemanly pugilist go through his part.

In the fourth act Corbett indulges in the performance of punching a suspended ball which he does in a most astonishing manner. No man can realise the speed of his delivery till they witness Corbett's punching ball "turn"; he is more active than any little or big man that ever put up his hands, and uses left and right with marvellous quickness.

In the last act he spars three rounds with John Donaldson in a spirited manner. The last-named is remarkably quick, both with his hands and feet, and he therefore affords Corbett an excellent opportunity to display his activity and cleverness.

* * *

Two weeks ago old Jem Mace suggested sparring three rounds with Corbett in a friendly set-to, but now that Mace has seen the champion he will hardly care to urge Corbett a great deal in granting such a favour. Mace, in his best day, was never so active and clever as Corbett, and those who have seen the American perform are of the opinion that many years will elapse before any man will be discovered who will possess the ability to take down Corbett's number.

* * *

William A. Brady plays the tramp very well indeed, and was well received as Corbett's father in "Gentleman Jack." Bob Gaylor's "Celtic wit" was new to the English public, and he would have made a pronounced hit had he not caused the audience so much weariness in that "lemon squash and bicycle" story.

* * *

It is a pleasure to see an exhibition sparring bout where the work is of a decidedly spirited and scientific order. Corbett and Donaldson's bout is an innovation to a London public, and some of our "coves wot goes into the ring to kid and play cunning" should raise enough to pay an admission to the pit of the Drury Lane if only to see boxing as is boxing.

* * *

On Thursday afternoon, April 29, the tonsorial artists will invade the sanctum of The Mirror of Life to appoint the date and place to decide the Shaving Competition for the Championship of the World. James Rymer is still on the trail of Wick and Lloyd, and is praying for both to put in an appearance.

* * *

Peter Jackson and party will shortly come here and play an engagement at one of the theatres. He will portray the character of Poor Old Uncle Tom, in "Uncle Tom's Cabin."

CORBETT AS AN ACTOR.

Principal Scenes in "Gentleman Jack." The Champion Reaches London, Friday. His Debut at Drury Lane, Saturday. Opinions of the Press.

(Subject of Illustration.)

We reproduce three of the principal scenes of "Gentleman Jack," in which James J. Corbett assumes the title role. In the first illustration he acts as a protector to an old tramp. The second shows the champion punching the ball, and the last one is the scene where W. A. Brady is giving Corbett and Donaldson instructions as to the Marquis of Queensberry's rules of boxing. Corbett arrived at Southampton early on the morning of April 20, and was met by W. A. Brady, John Donaldson, John M'Vey, Billy Delaney, and a few friends. It was his desire that he should arrive in London with as little éclat as possible. Therefore he proceeded from Southampton by the special train, and on reaching the metropolis, at once went to the Hotel Victoria. In the afternoon he appeared at the Drury Lane for rehearsal, with the party. Saturday morning John Donaldson paid a visit to The Mirror of Life Offices, at 108, Fleet Street, and, on behalf of Corbett and party, extended an invitation to the staff to visit the Drury Lane in the evening. One of our special artists sketched the scenes in Acts 1, 4, and 5, which we reproduce on another page.

A large and fashionable audience was present on Saturday night and were agreeably surprised with the champion as an actor. He portrays the principal character in "Gentleman Jack." The first act opens with Corbett as a college student at Princeton. Jack is the hero and best all-round athlete in college. The villain of the play is a Princeton student in Jack's class, and a rival in the college sports. Jack invariably defeats him, and thus lays the foundation of his jealousy that ripens into hatred, when both fall in love with the same girl. Through all his childhood Jack has been taught to believe that his father was dead, but the villain accidentally discovers that his father, soon after Jack's birth, had been accused of murder and sent to jail, and on his release disappeared. In his hatred for Jack the villain tries by circulating this story to turn the students against their favourite. Jack's mother now improves the opportunity of a visit to her son at college to tell him the sorrowful story of her husband's life.

Jack's father turns up as Joe Blake, and when the villain attempts to abuse the old tramp, Jack interferes, not knowing that he is protecting his disgraced parent. Act second discovers Jack an employé of the bank of which his enemy's father is the president. The same hatred pursues Jack here. Just now an old man appears, who is hired to do plumbing work on the premises. Jack's enemy is, of course, on watch, and his suspicion being aroused, ascertains that the old man is Jack's father. The villain, however, does not inform Jack, but secures from the safe a bond and places that, with a duplicate key, in the old man's pocket. The robbery is discovered and the old man searched. Mrs. Royden reveals the identity of the old man, and Jack then accuses himself of placing the stolen property in the old man's coat pocket. Jack is forced to leave the bank.

The third act depicts the roof of the Madison Square Garden in New York City. Bobby Gaylor and Florrie West are introduced, and do specialty turns, which are well received. Jack is in the capacity of Professor of Boxing. The stigma which drove him from the bank has not been made public, and he moves in the best society, and is a general favourite of all, his sweetheart still remaining true to him. Jack has meanwhile made a great reputation as a boxer. His enemy concludes that a sure way to win the love of Jack's sweetheart is to reduce his rival to the level of a defeated pugilist. To further his plans he sends for a Texas prize fighter, named Bat Houston. John Donaldson, Corbett's boxing partner, assumes this part. The Texan publicly insults Jack in the Roof Garden, and the hero resents it, and as a last resort accepts Houston's challenge to fight the pugilist at the Olympic Club, New Orleans.

The next act reveals the training quarters at Loch Arbour, where Corbett punches the bag. In this scene all the paraphernalia of the pugilistic profession is shown. Corbett appears with Delaney and his other trainers and punches the ball just as he would if in daily training.

The exhibition he gives of rapid hitting surpasses anything heretofore seen in this country, and the audience showed their appreciation of his marvellous powers by continued applause, and refused to be silenced till Corbett repeated his display.

In the last act the interior of the Olympic Club of New Orleans is cleverly reproduced. The preliminary preparations are ably shown, and when Corbett and Donaldson enter the ring with their seconds the applause is unbounded. Three lively rounds are boxed, during which both display remarkable activity and cleverness. In round three Donaldson is supposed to be knocked out. The audience applauded in a vociferous manner. Of course, it would hardly do to box another round, because Donaldson was supposed to be put asleep, so Corbett stepped to the footlights and made a brief speech, which was well received.

* * *

Opinions of the Press.

Reynolds':—"Whatever may be the merits of boxing we leave to more competent judges; but it must be chronicled that the contest roused the house to unbounded enthusiasm, 'Mitchell's mighty vanquisher,' as Corbett was dubbed in our hearing, coming in for quite an ovation.

Weekly Sun:—"Corbett himself is a handsome and gentlemanly creature, who seemed to take his honours, his bouquets, and his applause with much modesty. There was a large audience, not without distinction, which seemed vastly pleased with its fare—especially when the fighting began.

"His Serene Highness the Duke of Teck witnessed the performance."

The *People:*—"The punching the ball by 'Gentleman Jack' in the scene representing his training quarters at Lock Arbour is a revelation of the champion's quickness and hitting power. The ball flies to and fro with lightning rapidity, and Charlie Mitchell, who was in the theatre, must have had some unpleasant recollections. The last act redeemed many defects in the representation, for the reproduction of the boxing arena of the Olympic Club, New Orleans, was one of the most realistic scenes ever placed upon the stage.

The *Referee:*—"Sir Augustus Harris needs no excuse for giving up old Drury for a season for the exploitation of a 'bruiser,' who, after all, it must be remembered, asks approval and seeks support, not as a 'bruiser,' but as actor, and as the hero of the five-act comedy-drama called 'Gentleman Jack,' which we are told has been played with success more than a thousand times on the other side of the Atlantic. All that the playgoer has a right to ask in this connection is whether 'Gentleman Jack' is a piece affording interest and amusement, and whether Mr. Corbett is as good, or nearly as good, on the stage as in the ring. 'Gentleman Jack' is a comedy-drama, plus something of the sporting and variety element, and before the end was reached stalls, as well as pit and gallery, had to confess that, as in the past we have accepted pieces written round a horse-race or a boat-race, there is really no good reason for objection, because, in the present, we are offered one with as central attractions a pugilistic 'punching of the bag' and a realistic representation of a big glove fight at a big sporting club. Not art? Why, the patrons of punching call it the noble art, and they who practise it practise to very little advantage unless they put in a good deal of science as well. If, then, both classes accept this as a drama of the arts and sciences, let us not dispute, but accept the goods the gods provide, and that 'the gods' to-night most certainly approved, and approved heartily. He gives up part of the fourth act to preparation by "punching the bag," and the spectators are moved to rapture by the rapidity of his hitting and the cleverness of his dodging. But rapture is to become more rapturous in Act the Fifth, with the fight at the Olympic Club, New Orleans, the stage setting, we are assured, being an exact realisation of the scene of the Corbett-Sullivan contest. The Texas champion is represented by Corbett's trainer, John Donaldson, for play purposes, taking the part of Bat Houston, whose undoing is predicted by the orchestra before the rising of the 'drop' with 'E dunno where e' are.' The 24ft ring is pitched; an excited crowd is sitting, standing, shouting, betting; the gloves are weighed; the conditions are stated; the seconds—one being the veteran Jem Mace—and bottle-holders take their places; time is called, and there is a first round of fast fighting. The second and last is faster still, and the man from Texas is knocked out; the referee proclaims Gentleman Jack the champion of the world, and all is over 'bar shouting,' that being loud and long, and brings Corbett, who has played with gentlemanly ease and not a little tact and intelligence, to the footlights to deliver a modest little speech expressive of his resolve during his stay to deserve the kindly feeling shown him.

The Sportsman:—"Corbett has an excellent stage presence; there was no fault to find with his bearing or deportment, and what little he had to do in the histrionic way he did as well as could be desired. As an athlete Corbett is all we have been taught to consider him. Splendidly proportioned, with a tremendous reach, he showed some wonderfully quick work. The short sling of the ball made it reach the ceiling twice after being struck, and so caused the hitting of the boxer to appear at times more rapid than it really was. For all that, we have not previously witnessed such an exhibition of ball-punching as that given by Corbett on Saturday night. In his bout with Donaldson, the young American was seen to even greater advantage. His activity and cleverness for so big a man—a man out of condition, too, and hardly recovered from a long sea voyage—were astonishing. His hitting and defence, his dodging and slipping were perfect. Corbett was as quick on his feet as the cleverest bantam-weight, and, in short, he demonstrated that he is all that he has been represented."

The *News of the World*: "James Corbett's appearance at Drury Lane last night was the signal for an outburst of enthusiasm from the crowded house which had gathered to greet him. The world's champion boxer could have no complaint to make on account of his welcome—in fact, as the evening advanced this enthusiasm became a little monotonous. Still, there was much justification for the hearty reception he obtained. It may be at once said that the play is admirably-suited for displaying the wonderful powers of the great fighter. It is full of incident and sensation, snappy dialogue, and causes laughter and emotion to fluctuate throughout the entire evening. As an actor we confess that we had not ranged our idea of Corbett very high—but perhaps this is as well, as we were agreeably disappointed. The little calls that are made on his histrionic ability are met in full, and whatever may be said by the sterner critics, no one can reasonably find anything unpleasant in his deportment or bearing. Of Corbett, the athlete, it is hard really to say enough. Of course the fight—being only a sham—does not show what he can really do; but even in that and the ball-punching he shows himself fully entitled to all the eulogy that has been bestowed upon him. His weight we do not actually know, but he is an exceptionaly heavy man even for a champion, and combines with this the 'cleverness' of a light-weight, and the activity of a 'bantam.' His quickness with both hands, feet, and head, his length of reach and weight make him a 'puncher' of exceptional powers, and one that will open the eyes of the 'fancy.' He, of course, is the attraction of the play. But not he alone, as there are two finely-mounted scenes—the open-air scene and the prize-fighting scene—which will of themselves prove attrative. In the concert scene a Mr. Gaylor gave a very amusing 'comedian' turn. An interesting appearance was that of a world-famed champion as Corbett's second—none other than Jem Mace. Great enthusiasm marked the close of the piece, which will undoubtedly be a great attraction at the National Theatre. The performance was witnessed by H.S.H. the Duke of Teck."

The Sporting Life:—"He has a pleasantly resonant voice, which is none the less agreeable to the ear because of his American accent, and there is nothing of the Ring about his gait and bearing. Indeed, he comports himself throughout with ease and grace, and is equally handsome in a summer costume of white linen, with a black cummerbund and a straw hat, as he is in evening dress and the scant apparel appropriate to the mimic Prize Ring. As to his part in the delivery of the language of the play—well, he can be humorous with effect, and his manlier utterances have the genuine ring of conviction."

The Telegraph:—"They came to see James J. Corbett, who had defeated Sullivan and Mitchell. They came to see the champion boxer of the world punch the bag and put up his fists. With natural curiosity they came to see Corbett's trainer, William Delaney, and the champion's *fidus Achates*, William A. Brady, who is an excellent actor as well as a powerful referee, and they whetted their curiosity with one of the most realistic pictures of a modern club prize-fight, under Queensberry rules, with all its excitement, all its accurate and precise detail, and all its dramatic enthusiasm that the stage has ever seen.

"We have no hesitation in saying that, so far as mere realism is concerned, and as far as stage effect will allow it, this picture of the prize-fight at the Olympic Club, New Orleans, is nothing less than marvellous. We have no idea who stage-managed the scene, who drilled the supernumeries, or who directed the tableaux, but the greatest things in unison effect yet done pale before this extraordinary bit of life transferred to the stage."

The Leader:—"The sporting world was well represented at Drury Lane on Saturday night, and gave Mr. James J. Corbett a flattering reception on his first appearance in England."

The Morning Advertiser:—"Mr. Corbett was enthusiastically applauded during the performance, and was most heartily summoned in front of the curtain after the fight, when he thanked the audience for the kind reception accorded to him, and promised to attempt to deserve it while he remained in London. Old-fashioned folk may wish that some other theatre had been chosen for the display of Mr. Corbett's abilities, but it is said that the days of prestige and prejudice are over."

MEMOIRS OF RICHARD HUMPHRIES,

The Gentleman Boxer.

(Concluded.)

Humphries, upon ascending the stage, was received with loud and repeated cheers, which he gracefully acknowledged by his genteel deportment, when Tom Johnson appeared as his second, Tring as his bottle-holder, and Mr. Allen as umpire. Mendoza, almost instantly following, was greeted with the most flattering marks of attention and respect from the surrounding spectators; a Mr. Moravia acted as his umpire, David Benjamin was his second, and Jacobs his bottle-holder—and the whole of them were Jews. Humphries' appearance, when stripped for the fight, was peculiarly attractive, and his fine manly form was seen to great advantage; he had on a pair of fine-flannel drawers, white silk stockings, and pumps tied with ribbon. The dress on Mendoza was plain and neat. About twenty minutes after one, everything being ready, the usual salutations took place, when the display of science was admirable; much was expected from two such skilful artists, and the feints made by each party were elegant and scientific. Mendoza felt no terrors from the proud fame of his antagonist, and Humphries viewed the admirable skill displayed by his opponent with firmness and composure; the parryings were long and various, and the amateurs experienced one of the richest treats ever exhibited in this noble and manly art; at length, Mendoza put in the first blow, and recoiling from its effects slipped and fell upon his back, in consequence of the stage being slippery from the rain which had fell previous to the battle; yet it was of no material effect against Humphries, as he warded it off and retreated. In the second round, Mendoza, full of vigour, went in to his antagonist and knocked him down; and in closing in the next, the Jew threw Humphries. The odds, which had been much in favour of Humphries, were now changing rapidly upon Mendoza. The Jew flushed with his success, found his game all alive, and showed himself off to the best advantage, with all the heroism of a most experienced pugilist. Humphries appeared to make no way against Mendoza, who had now knocked Dick down six times in succession. The Jews sported their cash freely, as the Christian, it was supposed, must soon be vanquished; but the friends of Humphries were not to be dismayed, and took the odds greedily. At one time the contest was nearly coming to a premature termination, from the cry of "Foul, foul!" by the friends of Mendoza, who, in the early part of the fight, had drove Humphries upon the rail of the stage, and while the latter was upon his balance, aimed a blow at his ribs which must have finished the battle, but Johnson caught it. The umpires considered it a knock-down blow, and that Johnson was correct. The stage was so slippery that Humphries could scarcely stand upon his legs, and soon discharged the finery from them, for the more substantial service of worsted hose. Dick now felt his feet, went in with his usual confidence, and the bets became even.

Humphries was now himself, and fast recovering in wind and strength, the amateurs were delighted with his undaunted courage and neatness of execution. Mendoza was thrown, and in falling pitched upon his face; his forehead was dreadfully cut just above the right eye, and his nose assumed a different shape; but the Jew's pluck was good, and in the next round he gave Humphries a prime facer, so that the bets were still alive. Humphries was gaining ground fast, and soon put in a doubler upon the loins of Mendoza, one of the Jews most vulnerable parts, which was followed up by one on the neck. The Jew reeling, fell with his leg under him, sprained his ankle, and was reluctantly compelled to acknowledge the superiority of the Christian. Mendoza almost immediately afterwards fainted, and was taken from the stage. Thus ended this truly celebrated contest, in twenty-eight minutes, fifty-four seconds, in which, perhaps, there never was so much skill and dexterity ever witnessed; nor more money depending upon its termination. The Jews were severe sufferers; but although Mendoza was defeated, his fame and character as a pugilist were considerably increased. His guard was excellent, and he displayed a thorough knowledge of the art by keeping it closer to his body than that of his adversary, by which means his blows were given with more force when he hit out, and with respect to stopping he was not deficient to Humphries; but for elegance of position, cool and prompt judgment, fortitude of manner, and force of blow, he was materially inferior. He wanted also that personal courage which was so apparent in Humphries, and whose confidence rendered him so indifferent of himself, but in point of throwing Mendoza, though not expected, had the complete advantage, and the activity he displayed throughout the fight was considerable. Mendoza contended for victory with all the style and value of a true hero. Humphries displayed all those superior requisites of the science, that it is difficult to point out anything like an equal to him; his attitudes were of the most manly and tasteful description, and even in the most trying moments of the fight his postures were considered graceful. His intellectual capacity had rendered him more acquainted with the properties of the human frame than pugilists in general; and his habits of life had tended to make him more conversant and attractive in society than fighting men, perhaps, think essentially necessary. His manners were also conciliating, and he endeavoured through life to portray the gentleman. His friends were not diminished but materially increased by such conduct.

It was extremely difficult to appreciate which was the neatest pugilist in the fight; so much activity, science, elegance, and bottom were displayed upon both sides, yet extremely different as to character and manner; but it appeared that Humphries, in the defensive position, though he kept his adversary at a distance by extending his arms, lost that celerity and power which his hits must otherwise have effected had they been nearer his body.

Mr. Bradyl, well known in the annals of pugilism, was the patron of Humphries and prevented from attending the battle by business of a private nature; but who felt so anxiously for the issue of the contest that his servant was ordered to witness the conflict and convey to him the earliest intelligence. Humphries, immediately after the fight, like the heroes of old, wrote the following laconic epistle to Mr. Bradyl:—

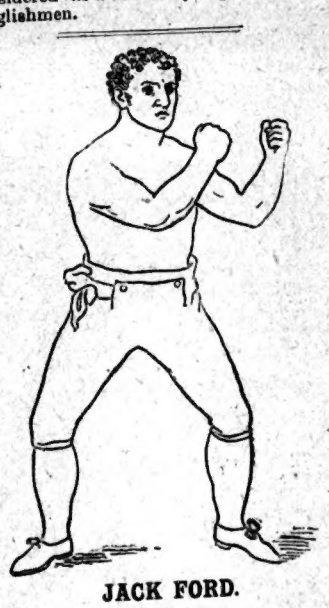
"Sir,—

"I have done the Jew, and am in good health.

"Richard Humphries."

Humphries lived several years after the above conflict in the capacity of a coal merchant, in good repute and much respected.

The above battle brought boxing into general notice; and the abilities of the two pugilists occasioned considerable conversation at that period, both in the big and little world. The newspapers teemed with anecdotes concerning them; pamphlets were published in favour of pugilism; and scarcely a print-shop in the metropolis but what displayed the set-to in glowing colours, and portraits of those distinguished heroes of the fist, Humphries and Mendoza, were the rage; the modern comedies glanced at their exploits, and the sporting hemisphere was quite charged with it. Two such pugilists had not been seen since the days of the renowned Broughton and Slack, and they rose up like a new feature of the times! Boxing became fashionable, followed, patronised, and encouraged. Sparring matches took place at the theatres and Royal Circus. Schools were established for the promulgation of the art; and the science of self-defence was considered as a necessary requisite for all Englishmen.



JACK FORD.

The courage of Ford, although unquestionable, with a good portion of scientific knowledge, and game equal to anything on the list of boxers, has nevertheless derived more notoriety from repeated defeats, than become conspicuous from his pugilistic requisites. The sound of victory has but seldom cheered his efforts, though his exertions have often deserved it; but, at all events, the appellation of "a good man" cannot be denied to him. The following battles, as to his character as a game hero, speak for themselves:—

At Bristol he gained several hard-earned victories; but wishing to obtain a more conspicuous character as a pugilist, he came to the metropolis, and fought Jem King at Coombe Wood on January 12, 1812. In this contest he distinguished himself considerably, always hitting with his man, and planting his blows with his right and left hand with uncommon severity, and never shrinking from punishment. Throughout the contest of forty minutes he never once relaxed in his efforts, and, although hit away, he still kept his legs, and was not once hit down. King was in every respect a hero, and did not surrender till nature was quite exhausted. Ford, in some instances, had been compared to the Game Chicken.

Ford entered the lists with Alexander, the gamekeeper, for a subscription purse of twenty guineas, on Tuesday, June 12, 1812, in Newman's meadow, near the turnpike, at Hayes, in Middlesex. Paddington Jones and Cropley seconded Ford; and Alexander was attended by Richmond and Fuller. It was an over-match for Ford, but his true courage prompted him on without dismay, and he contended for one hour and ten minutes, till he was nearly carried out of the ring. Ford experienced nearly forty tremendous falls.

Our hero next fought with a man of the name of Davis at Redmarley, in Gloucestershire, for a purse of twenty guineas, in a forty feet roped ring, on the 24th of August, 1812. Ford was waited upon by Abrahams, and Yarnold seconded Davis. This was a most tremendous fight; dreadful punishment, but reciprocal, occupying the long space of two hours and ten minutes, when the appearance of the combatants proved so terrific, that the spectators interfered, and the purse was divided between them.

Ford also fought a desperate battle with Tom Oliver, and he next entered the lists with the scientific Harry Harmer, in both of which battles he sustained defeat.

Ford also had a battle with a Navigator on the 9th of May, 1815, at Twickenham Common. The Navigator, in every point of view, was too much for Ford, but the latter contended in his usual game style, although the chance was decidedly against him, and at the expiration of fifty-six minutes he again experienced defeat.

On Thursday, July 18, 1816, just beyond Ilford, in Essex, upon Hudson's Land, Ford and Harry Lancaster entered the list for twenty guineas a side, in a 24ft ring. Lancaster was attended by Oliver and Clark; and Ford had for his seconds Harry Harmer and Norton. Ford as a bottom man stood well; but an idea had gone forth that the fight had been taken out of him, and that he was gone off altogether; in consequence of which it was laid down in the betting circles that he must lose and nothing else; and it was giving Harry Lancaster a chance to raise his name above defeat, as high as 2 to 1 being laid on him. In the 46th and last round Lancaster on leaving his second's knee, staggered and fell down, and could not return again. He was completely finished. Ford now jumped for joy on being declared the conqueror. It was a new and pleasing sound that his ear had not been accustomed to. The battle lasted fifty-two minutes.

Both the above pugilists were known in the ring principally from their frequent defeats. Ford was a good in-fighter, and difficult to be got at. He was a bad trainer. Repeated attacks of rheumatism forced him to retire, though he challenged David Hudson in December, 1820, but it went off. He was 5ft 8in in height and weighed 12st, and had one of his thighs broken, which made him limp, one leg being shorter than the other.

SIR GEORGE CHETWYND.

A Thorough English Sportsman.

(With Portrait.)

Sir George Chetwynd is a familiar figure at any sporting event of interest in the kingdom. He finds pleasure in attending a big race meeting, and if he makes a wager it is not for what he can win, but to increase his interest, which he naturally centres in the steed of his choice.

His word goes with everybody, and though he associates entirely with the gentry, the bookmakers are only too proud to have Sir George intimate that he will accept a price about any favourite he may select.

Horse racing is not the only pastime that Sir George delights in, because he is a member of the National Sporting Club and attends the majority of the meetings held there. He appreciates boxing contests of a scientific order, and the manner in which Manager Fleming conducts the meetings at the club just fills the bill; at least, so Sir George Chetwynd argues, and in fact the rest of the gentry are of the same opinion.

HARRY LEVY.

Son of the Veteran who Died Recently.

(With Portrait.)

Young Levy, now close on to 80 years of age, is well known about the East End of London, and was, for forty years, caterer to the prize ring and the Jewish Boxiana. In company with Joe Aaron he carried prog to every modern fight of any importance. We all have regrets—some great, some small; but the great regret of Harry Levy's life is that on one celebrated occasion, when provisions ran short, he refused thirty shillings for a fowl and loaf. How much must Harry Levy and his pard, Joe Aaron, have suffered from the pangs of hunger when they—two Jews—rejected the monish and ate the prog! Regret, of course, came after the repast—a regret which has followed them through their lives.

JOHN L. SULLIVAN.

Ex-Champion Pugilist, Exhibiting in the States as an Actor.

(With Portrait.)

We present in this issue a portrait of John L. Sullivan, taken recently for The Mirror of Life. The subject of our sketch is well-known in the United Kingdom as a great boxer. What he might have been and what he is are two distinct affairs; Sullivan chose his path and must naturally pursue it, though it be one strewn with thorns. He was born in Boston, U.S.A., of Irish parents, October 15, 1858, and is therefore but thirty-six years of age, though in appearance he would readily be taken for fifty-six years of age.

Beginning his career in 1879, he soon attained fame as a "knocker-out," and for two years faced many good men, whom he either dazed or stopped in glove bouts. In 1882 he fought Paddy Ryan on the turf for the American championship, and won; that was the real foundation of his subsequent notoriety, for in the following nine months, on tour in the States, the company cleared £18,000, half of which fell to Sullivan as his share of the proceeds. Though the nine months' tour netted him £9,000, he had squandered that sum, and wound up £500 to the bad when the party returned to New York. In the eyes of the Yankee public there was no man like John L. Sullivan, and so infatuated were his townspeople that they seriously contemplated nominating him for the Senate. Had Sullivan conducted himself in a gentlemanly manner he might have been an honoured statesman and a man of wealth. But they say every man is bound to seek his own level; and so with John L., because he courted the company of a low set, of what might be called men, and women whose ideas of virtue were lax. He caroused about and was only in his glory when he could strike some vagabond or unfortunate woman, and then purchase their silence to dodge the police court. In Boston he had a public-house second to none for elegance; but Sullivan, like most publicans, was opposed to gulping down his own poison. The place opened with a boom, but soon failed to pay expenses, and the man who chanced the money in fitting it up accepted his losses in silence. He engaged in several four-round boxing contests in Madison Square Gardens, New York, and at each the receipts amounted to close on £3,000. In a benefit he had in Boston he netted nearly £3,000, but after tiring the public by his incessant debauchery he was unable to draw above expenses in the towns where he had cleared £3,000 in a single night.

He made a tour of this country, and in two months showed a profit of £2,400, but returned home penniless, because he literally wasted the money at Liverpool public-houses. Whilst here he sparred for the edification of his Royal Highness the Prince of Wales, and was presented with a massive silver-headed cane, presumably from his Highness. He was disappointed, because, as Sullivan remarked to one of his managers, "Tell Prince I want a split-second gold stop-watch, one that rings in the middle of the night." The cane was accepted by the Slugger; but he figured up its value, and then the estimate figure of what he would have realised had he been boxing in a public hall. Sullivan's real downfall came when James J. Corbett defeated him at New Orleans, two years ago.

Sullivan always laboured under the impression that a pugilist must be a rough to attain championship honours, and when the gentlemanly Corbett meted out a sound thrashing to him he became crestfallen, and has since sunk into oblivion. He appears as a hero in a drama, but his acting is so deplorable that the public don't patronise him to any great extent, and it is said he will retire at the end of this season. The public have lost all respect for him, and as he is not overburdened with the filthy lucre we all strive to get possession of, his future prospects are none too brilliant, because the gentlemen who once were so proud to say they shook the hand of Sullivan now pass him by as a stranger. Had he been judicious he might have been worth fully £100,000; but instead of advancing in life, he has run his race on the downward path, till at last he has struck the rock bottom too violently to ever recover the lost ground.

JACK DOYLE.

An American Sprinter who has run Second at Manchester.

(With Portrait.)

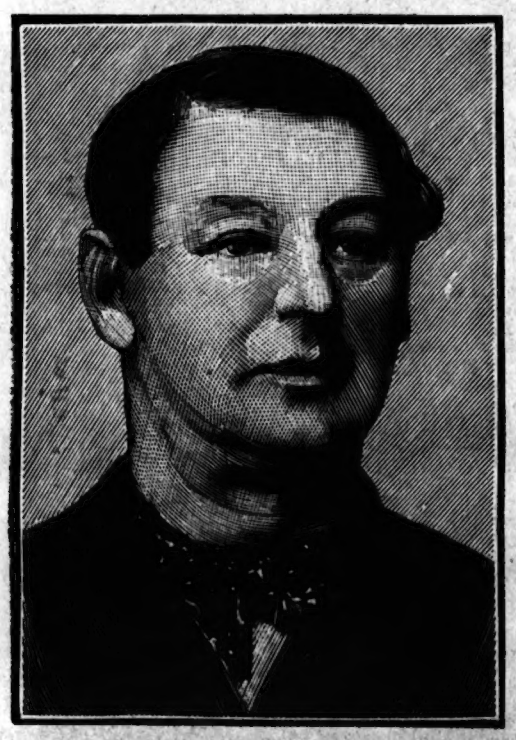
When Jack Doyle was in this country, he made many friends amongst the admirers of sprinting in Lancashire. He is a native of North Adams, Massachusetts, and is but twenty-six years of age. He stands 6ft. high, and scales over 13st. Whilst here he did some creditable running, but was never able to get better than second in a big handicap. Being set too close to the scratch man, he realised he had poor chances of success, and recently started to the Easter

S. SIMONS.

A Birmingham Hairdresser with Sporting Proclivities.

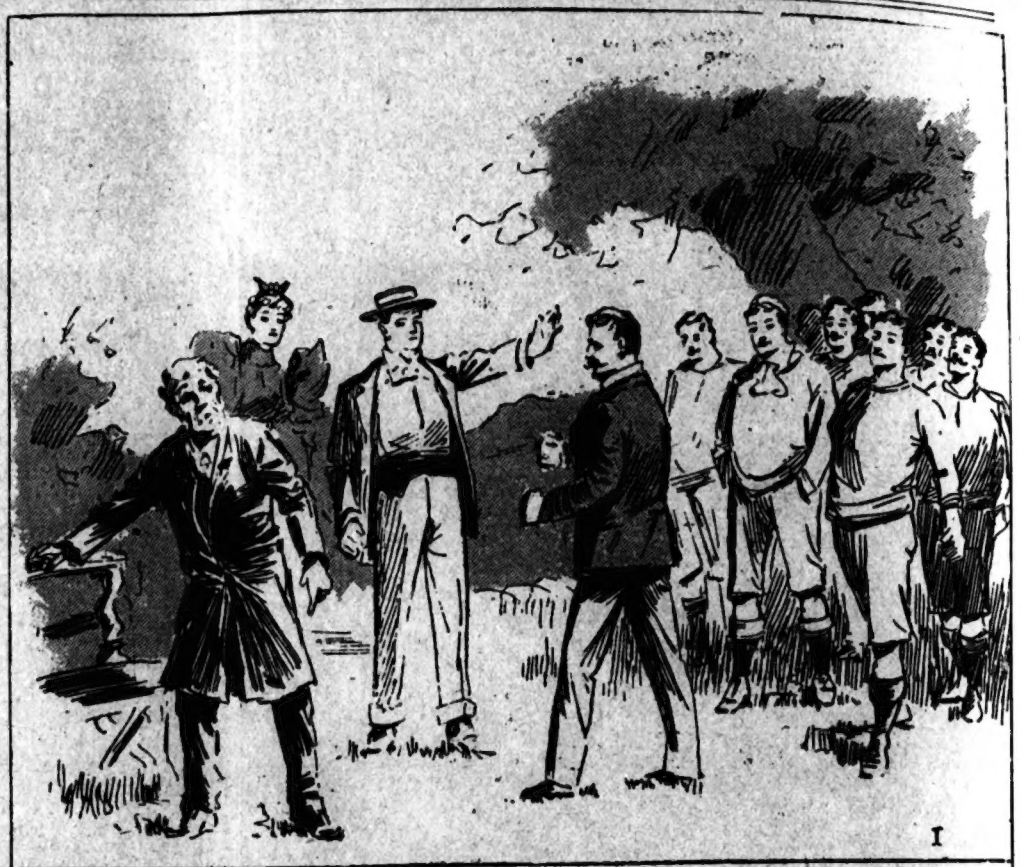
HARRY LEVY.

A Companion of Mendoza, who died in London recently, aged 107 years.



HARRY LEVY alias SAVAGE.

Son of the Veteran who Died Recently.



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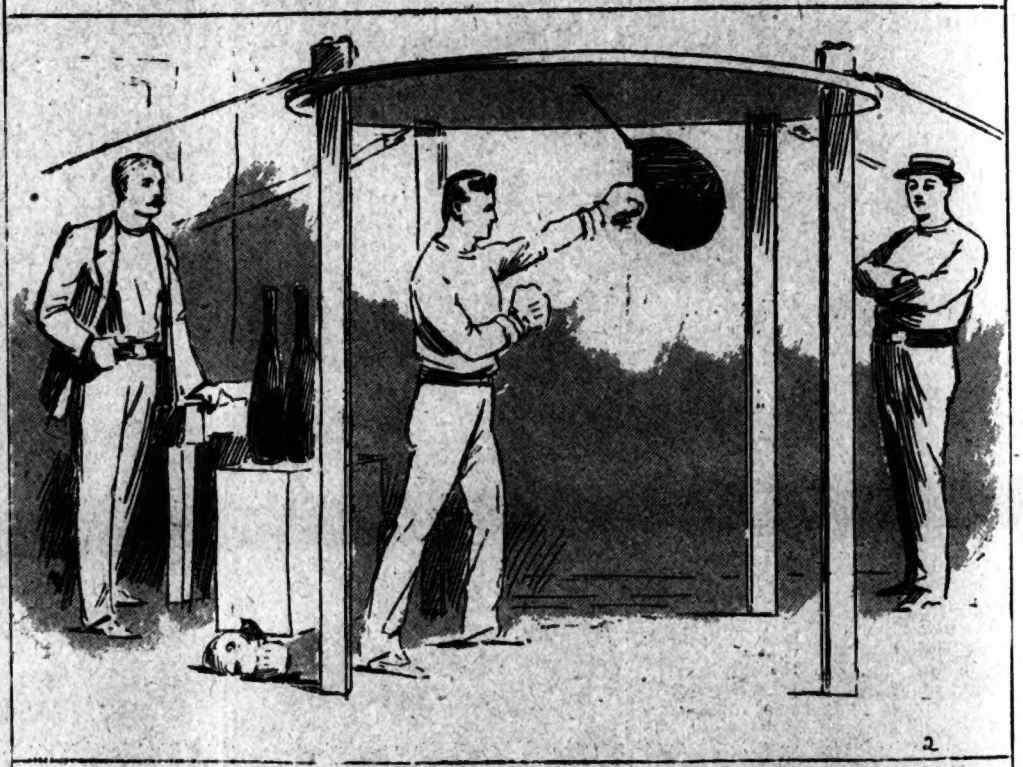

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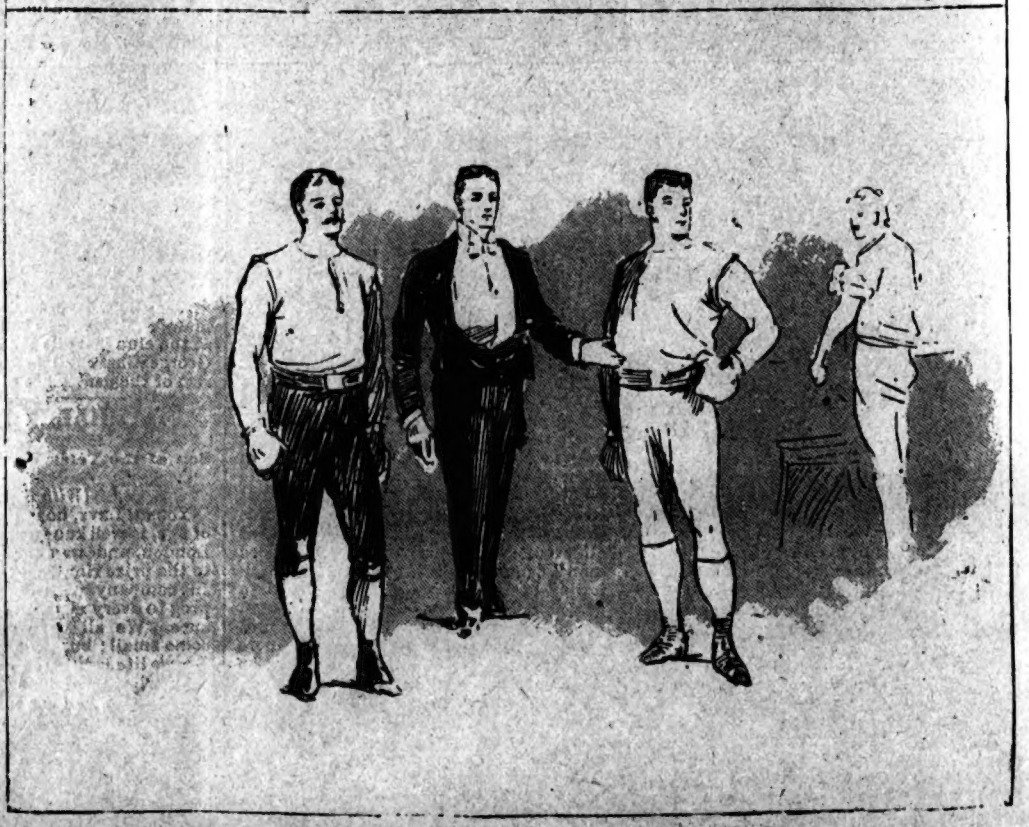


3

CHAMPION CORBETT IN "GENTLEMAN JACK."

1. Corbett Protects the Tramp. 2. Corbett Punching the Ball. 3. Brady, as Referee, Instructs Corbett and Donaldson as to the Queensberry Rules.

SICKENED ON A CALL FOR VOLUNTEERS.

Militiamen Faint when Ordered to Prepare to Fight Rioters.

ACCOMMODATION FOR SIX.

A Mormon's Scheme to Keep His Wives Under Surveillance.

HONEST SPORTS.

Two Russian gentlemen, named Deleze and Lundberg, left St. Petersburg, April 16, on bicycles for Eydtkuhnen, with the intention of riding across Europe to Naples and back. The ride is undertaken under the auspices of the Moscow Cycling Club.

* * *

The sculling race for £25 a-side between Mo Gibson, Putney, and Tom Green, of Barnes, took place, April 16, on the Thames Championship course. Gibson is a veteran compared to his rival, and Green, who had the reputation of being a stayer, was made favourite at 2 to 1 on. A fine struggle took place up to Hammersmith, the men changing positions several times. On getting into Corney Reach they encountered rough water, and Green, keeping well under the Surrey shore, was sheltered. Gibson was almost swamped in trying to gain the sheltered bank, and Green, sculling well, won easily in 27min 48sec. Gibson occupied 28min 34sec.

* * *

The Notts County cricketers are in constant practice at Trent Bridge, amongst those frequently present being Alfred Shaw, recently returned from Jerusalem, very brown, and considerably thinner. Shaw, so cricketers say, is bowling remarkably well. Shrewsbury is gradually recovering strength, and is taking frequent bicycle exercise.

* * *

Mr. John Christopher Wannop, president of the Carlisle Cricket Club, and one of the oldest solicitors in Carlisle, was found dead in the hall of his house on April 17.

* * *

A correspondent, writing from Philadelphia, U.S.A., says: "There is very little doubt that Capt. J. M. Weldon will bring a team of Irish cricketers to this country in September. Past experience has taught them that October is much too uncertain for the game, and the present intention is to bring over the team during the latter part of August and commence playing during the early part of September. Besides playing in Philadelphia, the team will engage in matches in New York, Boston, Chicago, and Canada.

"The visit of the last team from Erin is still pleasantly remembered, and it is expected that this team will be much the same as on the occasion of that visit. The matches played in this city will take place at Manheim. At least two, and perhaps three, games will be played. Last time the Irish team played here, each eleven placed a match to its credit. The cold weather interfered with the third game, which was unfinished.

"Not only will the Irish team visit America, but a crack English team of amateurs is expected. Already negotiations have been commenced with a view to bringing a team over, and several of the English crackajacks are expected to come with them. In this event American willow-wielders will be called upon to do their very best to maintain the high standard reached against the Australians last year."

* * *

Grey Leg establishes a three-year-old record through carrying 2lb more than did Speculum in 1868, and George Dawson's regret after the trial with Mrs. Butterwick that the son of Pepper and Salt was not engaged in the Derby looks quite natural in the light of his latest form.

* * *

The curious indent in the muscle behind Xury's hip joint was caused by a kick when he was a foal. At one time it looked as though he might be permanently lamed, but no such ill-consequences have resulted.

* * *

The second and final rounds for a 135 yards sprint handicap for £30 in prizes was decided at the Star Grounds, Battersea, April 21. Results follow:—135 Yards Handicap (second round).—Heat 1: G. Hammond, Plumstead, 21½ yards start, 1; P. A. Alsing, Wandsworth, 18½, 2. Heat 2: G. Reid, Hammersmith, 21 yards start, 1; W. Maynard, Plumstead, 19½, 2. Heat 3: A. Simmons, Hoxton, 21½ yards start, 1; J. Howe, Fulham, 24½, 2. Heat 4: W. Patrick, Old Ford, 21½ yards start, 1; C. Martin, Kingsland, 17, 2. Final heat: Reid, 1; Simmons, 2; Hammond, 3; Patrick, 4. Won by half a yard.

250 Yards Handicap.—Final heat: P. Alsing, 26 yards start, 1; J. Arnude, 37, 2; H. Moore, 33, 3; J. Townsend, 37½; D. Isaacs, 33½; C. Martin, 21½; and C. Jenkinson also ran. Won by half a yard.

* * *

The Lewisham Athletic Club held its annual sparring competitions at Lewisham April 21. Details are as follow:—

First Series, 8st 4lb.—G. Levy beat A. Gray; W. Smith beat D. Hook; J. A. Reay beat J. Lee; F. Keating beat R. Dutton. Second ties: Levy beat Smith; Keating beat Reay. Final: G. Levy beat F. Keating after a struggle.

First Series, 9st 6lb.—A. Richerson beat H. Lake; D. H. Gray beat D. Fenton; G. Collins beat Williams; G. Callard beat A. E. Pope, after an extra round. Second series: Gray beat Richerson; Collins beat Callard. Final: G. Collins beat D. H. Gray, the former being a trifle too long in the reach for the other man, and winning well.

10st 8lb (four competitors).—J. Longman beat H. Moss; A. C. Davies beat H. Spencer. Final bout: J. Longman beat A. C. Davies, the contest proving a splendidly contested one. The former gained the referee's decision after an extra round.

* * *

Speaking of the proposed visit of J. J. Ryan and Joseph Wright as competitors at Henley, the *Toronto Globe* says:—"Both are members of the Toronto Rowing Club, and members of the Civil Service, one of the Dominion and the other of the province. The Dominion man of talent is Mr. Wright, and the provincial Mr. J. J. Ryan, the senior of the pair. Mr. Ryan's career may be summarised as follows: 1885, won the C.A.A.O. Junior Singles at Hamilton; won the Dufferin Medal on Toronto Bay. 1886, won the Senior Singles in the C.A.A.O. Regatta, at Lachine. 1887, rowed second to Corbett for Amateur Championship of America, on Chautauqua Lake, being beaten by three feet. Won the C.A.A.O. Senior Singles, at Ottawa. 1888, won the C.A.A.O. Senior Singles, on Toronto Bay. 1890, won the Senior Singles in the Citizens' Carnival Regatta, on Toronto Bay; rowed bow in the Toronto Rowing Club's successful big four at the Carnival Regatta; won the Senior Singles in the North-Western Regatta at Detroit; again rowed bow in the Toronto R.C. big four, winning in the North-Western Regatta at Detroit; won the C.A.A.O. Senior Singles at Lachine. 1892, won his heat, easily defeating Hedley, who won in the final, Ryan being fouled; won the Double Scull Race in the C.A.A.O. Regatta on Toronto Bay; won the N.A.A.O. Senior Singles at Saratoga, easily defeating Hedley, the winner a week before at Toronto. 1893, won the N.A.A.O. Senior Singles at Detroit.

* * *

"With such a list of wins as the foregoing, it is impossible to assert that a more fitting representative of American amateur rowing could be found than Mr. Ryan. In fact his record is cleaner and better than any amateur champion who has gone before, not excepting the great Mr. Laing, of Montreal, who won the American and Canadian Championships several times in succession.

"Mr. Joseph Wright, who will also row for the Diamond Sculls at Henley, and will be Mr. Ryan's partner in the pairs, made his *debut* as an oarsman in 1885, and since that time has won thirty successive heats in the club events. He has also won the Dufferin medal twice. Mr. Wright is one of Canada's best all-round amateur athletics. He has been a member of the Toronto Rowing Club for ten years, and would be a fitting representative of any country in the world. He has won a number of athletic events, and on the football field is regarded as just about invincible in his position. He is twenty-nine years of age, stands 6ft 2in in height, and in condition weighs about 195lb. He measures 45in round the chest. Mr. Ryan is thirty-one years of age, 5ft 10in in height, and weighs 153lb in condition.

* * *

A New York exchange says:—"Undoubtedly nothing that has occurred in cycledom of recent years has so thoroughly created comment as the decision of Arthur A. Zimmerman, the amateur champion bicyclist of the world, to forsake the amateur ranks for the professional. The agreement into which Zimmerman is reported to have entered, through his manager, Willis B. Troy, seems to be an excellent thing for the champion.

"Ten thousand dollars cash will be deposited in the hands of a cycle company of England. This money becomes the personal property of Zimmerman on his arrival upon the other side. One hundred and fifty dollars will go to Zimmerman every race he starts in, win or lose, aside from the prize in the race. He will also receive 30 per cent. of the net gate receipts.

"At this rate he has made as big a move as has ever been negotiated in the sporting line, and one which should enrich him in short order."

* * *

Dan O'Leary, the old-time six days pedestrian of Agricultural Hall fame, has drifted back to Chicago, U.S.A. His object of returning to the windy city is to accept the challenge issued by Henry Schmehl, who has been trying for three years to get on a match with the big men in his class.

"I am ready," said O'Leary, "to walk with Schmehl for 2,000 dols. a-side, and am also anxious to have Edward Payson Weston enter the list. A race between us three would be most interesting. We are about the same age, and are still in shape to put up a good race. I do not want to bar any living man from entering, no matter how young he may be. If any walker wants to enter he can be accommodated by putting up 2,000 dols. We are not afraid that any of the younger bloods will defeat us.

"It is particularly desired that Weston enter the race, which will be brought off late in May or during June. The contest will be straight heel and toe, six days' continuous walking, the winner to take all the stakes. I will settle in Chicago, and never leave the town again."

TURF NOTES.

Newmarket Craven Meeting.

SELECTIONS TO-DAY.

Thirsk and Derby Anticipations.

Jubilee Stakes.

The Londoner took advantage of the opportunity to visit Epsom last Wednesday, and saw the second handicap of the season fall to a three-year-old. The victory of Grey Leg in the City and Suburban was most popular, and the ovation accorded the Duke of Westminster's representative appeared general. In the selections of this column in one of four we advocated the claims of the gallant grey consistently for weeks, and up to the final moment adhered to his chance; that he has proved himself a great horse is beyond question, and the manner of his victory stamps him a speedy stayer, as it was not until the last fifty yards that he was enabled to get his head to the front, and gamely responding to the call of his pilot, went through and left his field by two lengths as he passed the post. Little Bradford appeared delighted with his mount, and he affectionately patted his charge on returning to scale. There are a lot of uncertainties at Epsom, but, on the whole, backers were on good terms with themselves. M'Neil and Verdant Green, in the hands of J. Watts, landed two events in succession, both being favourites; and T. Loates, by riding Portrush to victory in the Tadworth Stakes, whose chance had been generally anticipated, closed a successful meeting.

Newmarket Craven Meeting opened yesterday, and will continue until Thursday at headquarters. A busy week, with the promise of big fields, the sport will be as interesting and exciting as the most ardent turfite can desire. The few alterations that have been completed for the comfort of visitors will be thankfully received, and the cover provided in the small ring will be appreciated. That the Newmarket division can hold its own appears likely; but from other training grounds a large number may be expected. Stanton, Kingsclere, and Stockbridge, with others, will oppose the home talent, and probably defeat them on their own ground.

From the Leeds, Hartlepool, Newcastle, and adjacent districts the admirers of racing will be placed in direct communication with Thirsk, and business should prove satisfactory. With good acceptances to hand, a fair muster will be seen out, also at Derby, on Friday and Saturday, good fields will contest, and as many have yet to prove their speed, those who have already gained a bracket may unexpectedly meet their conquerors from the untried dark divisions.

The few quotations on the Kempton Jubilee Stakes, set for decision on Saturday, May 5, have been in the favour of Delphos; but at 10 to 1 "bar one" it is difficult to discover a good second, and it is hard to say what may be the fancied in the particular stables who have two or more engaged. Haut Brion, in the same stable, with 16lb less to carry, was at one time considered smart, and this race, if a reflection of the Cambridgeshire from a handicap point of view, gives the last-named a slight advantage, for his chance was held in esteem for that race, and, in condition, should pay for following. Queen of Navarre has been in constant work, and, in company with Esmond, shows excellent mile speed, and may improve upon her Lincoln running; still, I should hardly expect her to beat Lady Hermit, who will be better suited here; but, to apply in both cases, mares once having lost their form it seldom returns, and are at all times jady, therefore Esmond may be the chosen. Breach, with 5lb less here than at Lincoln, should be well in, but the company is too good for her, and this is another mare that cannot be trusted. The chance of Tibbie Shiels should be known to a nicety, for the running of Xury at Lincoln and Epsom should give Hall a good line of indication, and may prove dangerous, as in the earlier affair Tibbie Shiels was presenting the stable companion with a stone, and Xury in this race at about 7st would be a good thing. At Kingsclere Profit is doing well, and, with the best of tackle for trials, if genuinely supported must be kept on the right side. In taking four as an early selection, these appear best—El Diablo, Profit, Basildon, and Delphos.

The following may be worthy of notice:—To-day, Wednesday, in the Babraham Plate, there are a mixed quantity, and on their Lincoln form

Mena

should beat William and Lord George. The First Welter Handicap: Of the thirty-eight engaged, Primrose Knight, Isagon, with

Flowering Fern,

may be the best to follow. The Column Produce Stakes: Lord Bradford's Beighterton should compete, and, coupled with

Priestholme,

should be near the mark, Jocasta in the same race being a trifle uncertain.

The Thirty-Fifth Salo Stakes will produce but a small field, and the best remaining in at present are

Ben Shie,

Grong, and Samarcand, but to the first-named I adhere to for this event.

A Two-Year-Old Plate, last five furlongs of D. M., will bring out the juveniles. Amongst them the best to stand are

Ballaarda,

with Ariette and Barba Rossa.

A Maiden Plate, for two-year-olds at the time of entry, I have a preference for

Livonia

over Lilliput and Zigeunerin.

At Thirsk, same day, in the Hambledon Plate, Black and White and Complines may both give way to

Flat Fish,

who, with no penalty, may account for it.

The Sowerby Welter Handicap Plate: Mr. Vyner's Upsilon will run, but with nearly two stone less,

Phantom Star,

with Lord of the Manor, should be his equal.

The White Mare Plate will be a close thing for favouritism. It will be a difficulty to divide

Bitto

from Sardis, and if both see the post a good struggle will be witnessed.

On Thursday, in the Ashley Plate, if in a winning vein,

Attar,

with all the weight, will again prove too good for some of them; if anything should stop the way it may be Ridgway, who strikes the eye as the most likely one.

The Craven Stakes will bring out those of the first class—Bluff, Simonburn, and Bullingdon. This Derby candidate should make a grand race to beat

Sempronius.

The last-mentioned two will be bad to beat.

The Thirty-fifth Newmarket Biennial Stakes. Although Ravensbury and Son of a Gun hold premier positions,

St. Elmo

will go close over the mile and a half.

The Second Welter Handicap should be won by

Reliance,

and Modra and Medmenham for places.

Thirsk Handicap, on Thursday: Old Hoppy will have most to fear from

Plaything,

and Phantom Star will be close there.

In the Falcon Plate,

Pot Luck,

Manna Ash, and Lord of the Manor I like in the order named.

At Derby, on Friday, at the Spring Meeting, in the Sudbury Stakes, Fireworks may follow up his Epsom form; but if the issue be doubtful,

Fabia

and Sauteur are the best to recommend

The Doveridge Handicap Stakes:

Opopenax

to win, and Siffleuse and Whisperer the situations.

In the Drakelow Stakes,

Simonburn,

if sent, will win; in his absence, Maramat or Royal Sovereign.

In the Welbeck Handicap Stakes:

Bill of Portland and Ziddler,

with Barberry as an attendant

The Abbot's Hill Handicap Hurdle Race: Fetlar, Gnatbrain, or his stable companion,

Barcalwhey,

will be thereabout.

On Saturday, in the Derbyshire Stakes,

Sedge Chat

and Prague, with Sacristy, on form hold respective chances.

The Chaddesden Plate, Dumbarton and Ejector will go close with

Sarawak.

for this event.

In the High Peak Plate, Ben Shie, The Tinman are next best to

Bev Jones.

The Friary Plate,

Confessional,

with Letty Lind, should beat the speedy Donova at the difference of weight.

The Osmaston Plate. Among the unknown there does not seem anything good enough to defeat

La Sagesse,

who, if sent, should win easily from Cherry Bloom or Craw.

The Chatsworth Stakes: From

Trienfi,

with Opera Glass and Royal Sovereign, can be made the final selection.

CHALK.

Estelle: "What can I do to make an April fool of Jack?"

Amy: "Marry him."

* * *

Dryer: "What is Gamboge painting now—a nude?"

Sapper: "Not quite. A portrait of a society lady in evening dress."

OTHER PEOPLE'S BUSINESS.

A WOMAN named Hennison, wife of a labourer at Carlisle, has had four children at a birth. All were girls. Though one died, the remainder are doing well. Mrs. Hennison had twins eleven months ago, so she has borne six children within a year.

* * *

A PERFECT Robert Macaire in real life has turned up at Frankfort-on-the-Main. He was "wanted" by the police, and a detective arrested him. On the way to the station house, the expert thief was unable to resist the temptation to keep his hand in. On being searched, he was found to have the detective's watch upon him.

* * *

A SERIOUS outrage has been perpetrated at Barraba, a small township in the Darling district, in New South Wales. Two masked robbers entered the Commercial Bank and ordered Mr. Mackay, the manager, to deliver up the cash. Mr. Mackay refused, and the robbers shot him dead. Then, mounting their horses, they rode away.

* * *

MADAME JONIAUX has been arrested at Antwerp on suspicion of having poisoned some wealthy friends and relatives in order to obtain the insurance money—stated to be between £4,000 and £6,000. Prisoner is a daughter of the well-known and eminent late General Arley, and she and her husband moved in the best of Belgian society.

* * *

THE women's associations at Washington have decided to petition Congress to expel Colonel Breckinridge, member of the House of Representatives for Kentucky, who was the defendant in the action for breach of promise of marriage which was decided on April 14 in favour of the plaintiff. Colonel Breckinridge on April 16 appeared in the House for the first time since the opening of his trial. A number of members merely shook hands with him, and no allusion was made to his case, but Colonel Breckinridge was manifestly ill at ease.

* * *

A BRUTAL assault was committed the other night at the Salvation Army Reading Room at Belleville, the working men's quarter of Paris, on Miss Aimée Satty, niece of the late Mrs. Booth. Miss Satty, who holds the rank of lieutenant-colonel in the Salvation Army, refused admission to a negro. He became furious at being rejected, and gave her a violent blow with a knuckle-duster, inflicting a serious wound. The aggressor, who was arrested, gave his name as L'Ouverture. He added that he was a grandson of the famous Toussain L'Ouverture.

* * *

HENRY IVES, a young financier, died in New York recently. Ten years ago he worked as a clerk at £2 a week salary, but conceived a scheme to work the Stock Market, and in course of two years' operations he startled the financial world by actually stealing the Cincinnati, Hamilton, and Dayton Railway. He bid fair to outrival Jay Gould, and the financiers engineered a deal to have such a bold stock-jobber placed in gaol. He finally secured his freedom and made a fortune in railway securities, which he eventually lost, and before his death he became a bankrupt to the tune of 20,000dols.

* * *

WHEN Mrs. Crawford, the noted Parisian journalist, was at Spezzia, she saw the Queen of Italy enjoying cigarettes while boating on the lake in the grounds of the Duchess of Genoa's villa, where the Queen was then staying. Queen Christina of Spain is also an inveterate smoker, and most of the Russian Grand Duchesses indulge in cigarettes. Referring to the activity of reigning monarchs, the Czar of Russia perhaps beats the record, and frequently rises as early as 8 a.m. It is naïvely remarked that "he sleeps badly." The Emperor Francis Joseph of Austria is also an early bird. He leaves his bed before 5 a.m. The German Emperer rises at 6; while Queen Christina of Spain forsakes her pillow at half-past five o'clock and takes a walk before breakfast.

* * *

GREEN SEALS, one of the men accused of the attempt to assassinate Judge Jenkins a year ago at Dallas, Texas, U.S.A., has been brought back to Dallas from Louisiana. It is expected that the trial of Seals will bring to light a remarkable chapter of crime in Texas.

The Judge says that Seals was one of two men hired by Jim Brown to murder him, the other having been killed not long ago. Brown, it will be remembered, a millionaire horse-owner, was killed at the Garfield Racing Park in Chicago, after first shooting two policemen who attempted to arrest him.

He had for many years been Sheriff of Lee County, Tex., and it was known that he had killed a dozen men there in the way of duty. His name was connected, too, with various other murders, but now it is asserted that even while Sheriff he headed a gang of assassins, and that through them he killed off over thirty of his enemies in Texas.

* * *

WIDOWS should be careful whom they agree to marry. A case is cited in New York State of a vagabond named Charles Fisher, who struck Northport a few months ago to seek a night's lodging, and is now in possession of a well-cultivated farm and has a fat bank account back of him. Fisher acquired the property by marriage. The bride was Mrs. Specht.

Some time ago Fisher called at the widow's house and asked for a night's lodging. The widow refused, but Mrs. Specht's sister and the latter's husband prevailed upon the widow to take Fisher in. The man was given a night's lodging. Mrs. Specht took a liking to the wanderer, and has kept him at the house since.

Early in April the couple left the house for a short while. When they returned Fisher ordered the relatives from the house. They refused to leave, and Fisher left the house in a rage. He returned in a few moments with a pistol. Fisher exhibited a marriage certificate, and flourishing the pistol, again ordered the relatives out. They left in a hurry. Then Fisher and the bride took possession of the house. Fisher is twenty years younger than his bride.

HEATY SENTENCES FOR OUTLAWS.

THE district tribunal of the town of Lodzy, in Poland, which has been engaged in trying a band of brigands who had been infesting various parts of the country for a period of twelve months, has delivered its sentence. The band, composed of fourteen men, each of whom was armed with a rifle, and three women, had become a perfect scourge to the country districts, where, acting with astounding audacity, it made no less than seventeen attacks on various landed proprietors. The principal victims were a landed proprietor, named Soukhoroukoff, who was killed by the band of Meltcharek, the leader of the gang; a lady named Madame Pendgitsky, who, being *enceinte* at the time, died from fright; and a gentleman named Skass, whose body was found riddled with bullets. Meltcharek, the leader, is a man twenty-eight years of age, who, hiding his identity by means of a false passport, lived as a private gentleman at Tchenstokhova, where he mixed in good society, frequenting the houses of the mayor and of the commissary of police. A hardened criminal, who had been in penal servitude for violating a young girl Meltchrek was wont, when directing an attack of his men, to appear with a revolver in one hand, a whip in the other, and a dagger between his teeth. For a long time the brigands succeeded in baffling the attempts of the police to capture them. Eventually, however, the authorities managed to lay their hands on two of the party, from whom they learnt the whereabouts of the chief and the other members of the gang, who were duly taken prisoners.

During the proceedings the Court heard as many as 237 witnesses, and the reading of the act of indictment alone occupied an immense time.

Meltcharek was condemned to 20 years' penal servitude, the loss of his civil rights, and to receive 80 strokes of a lash loaded with lead. His chief accomplices received sentences ranging from six to twelve years' penal servitude, the remaining members of the band being condemned to deportation to Siberia, to various terms of imprisonment, or to incorporation in the disciplinary companies of the army.

GET YOUR MONEY'S WORTH.

IN purchasing THE MIRROR OF LIFE you are given a Weekly Journal of which eight pages are made up solely of expensive woodcuts, the illustrations being drawn by the very best artists obtainable. It gives you incidents in an accurate and striking manner.

Our reading columns comprise spicy news such as is interesting to all classes. THE MIRROR OF LIFE will not at any time touch on the borders of immorality, because sensational news can be written in a bright way without a tendency to corrupt humankind.

We claim in pugilism to be ahead of any weekly published in any part of the world.

Our motto is at all times to be just and fearless.

SEEN AND HEARD.

MRS. ELIZABETH GOSS, widow of Joe Goss, formerly a well-known pugilist, has committed suicide, at Boston, U.S.A., by inhaling gas. Proceedings had been instituted against her for alleged embezzlement.

* * *

IN the case in which George Dodsley, formerly a professional cricketer living at Nottingham, and now of the Railway Inn, Netherfield, sought a divorce, the co-respondent being the barman Powell, a decree nisi was granted.

* * *

A MAN named Patrick Collins, formerly employed in a Dublin malthouse, went to the Longford Hotel, Queen Street, Dublin, and engaged a room for the night. An hour afterwards he threw himself, partially dressed, from the window. He was impaled on the spikes of some railings 30ft below. When released he was taken to the hospital, but died in a few minutes.

* * *

A YOUNG woman named Sarah McCormack was remanded at Glasgow lately charged with falsehood, fraud, and wilful imposition by representing herself to be an ex-nun, and charging for admission to a theatre where she lectured on convent life. She made serious charges against the priests visiting a certain Lanarkshire convent, and her statements led to several religious riots.

* * *

AT Manchester Assizes, Mr. Justice Wills sentenced two men named M'Wiggan and Cavenay, for robbery with violence. M'Wiggan was sent to prison for twelve months, and had to receive twenty strokes with the cat. Cavenay was sentenced to eleven months. The judge explained that he made this slight difference in the terms of imprisonment because he did not think it desirable they should come out of prison together.

* * *

MISS ELLEN TERRY has attained a new dignity. She is a grandmother. Her son, Mr. Gordon Craig, who was a little boy at the Lyceum only the other day, has raised her to this honourable estate. The playgoers who will behold her again at the Lyceum will scarcely credit the news. Time lays a light hand on some popular favourites. Sarah Bernhardt has been a grandmother for some years, but most people have forgotten it.

* * *

ON April 18 the Plymouth police took the opportunity in the afternoon of raiding simultaneously twelve well-known betting houses in the town. Chief Constable Sowerby and sixty officers in plain clothes carried out the raid, and besides the twelve proprietors over fifty men were arrested and conveyed to the police-station in cabs. They will be brought up at the police-court this morning. The houses raided included several tobacconists, a bowling alley, an hotel, a chemist's, and a second-hand clothes dealer's. Search warrants had been obtained in each case, and many telegrams and other evidences of betting were found.

* * *

NEWS has reached Perry, Oklahoma, that a United States marshal and a posse of sixteen men pursuing the noted Dalton gang overtook the outlaws April 18 forty miles east of Perry. A desperate running conflict ensued, and was still in progress when the messenger who brought the news left the scene of the fight. By that time Bill Dalton, two other outlaws, a woman and her little girl, and two deputy marshals had been killed. It is believed that the gang, which has long been a terror to Oklahoma and southern Kansas, will now be finally wiped out. A reward of 2,500dols has been offered for some time past for the capture of Dalton dead or alive.

* * *

A REMARKABLE wedding took place at the Bristol Registry Office. The bride, a prim woman of forty-three, wheeled into the office in an old-fashioned perambulator the bridegroom, a crippled man of forty-five, who from his birth had not been able to walk. He followed no occupation. When supported on his feet, so contorted were his legs that he was only thirty-six inches high. He asked that he should be married in the perambulator. Besides the usual questions the astonished officials asked the bride if she really knew what she was about. She replied that she was fully aware of what she was doing, and she wondered what the crowd of people outside were laughing at, as it was only a wedding. The parties made the usual declaration as to no lawful impediment to their union, and they were duly married, and as the bride wheeled away her newly-won husband the happy couple were followed by a large crowd, who pelted them with rice.

* * *

ANYTHING but agreeable to the guests was the termination of a wedding-party held at a restaurant in the neighbourhood of the Buttes-Chaumont, Paris. A good dinner had been provided, and a dance which followed was in full swing when the landlord, stepping up to the bridegroom, expressed a wish that he should settle the little bill which he handed to him. "I have no money. Ask my mother-in-law!" was the prompt reply, accompanied by a significant glance in the direction of the lady in question. The landlord, however, did not meet with a more satisfactory answer when he reiterated his request to the bride's parent. "That's no concern of mine! Apply to my son-in-law!" she exclaimed, curtly. Perceiving that his civil request for the settlement of his account was not likely to be gratified, the landlord walked out of the house in search of the police, but when he returned he found that the newly-married couple and the mother-in-law had decamped. It was now past one o'clock. The guests were still enjoying themselves to their heart's content, but a complete transformation scene was soon to follow. Presently they were all on their way to the nearest police-station, where they were locked up for the night.

LYNCH LAW IN AMERICA.

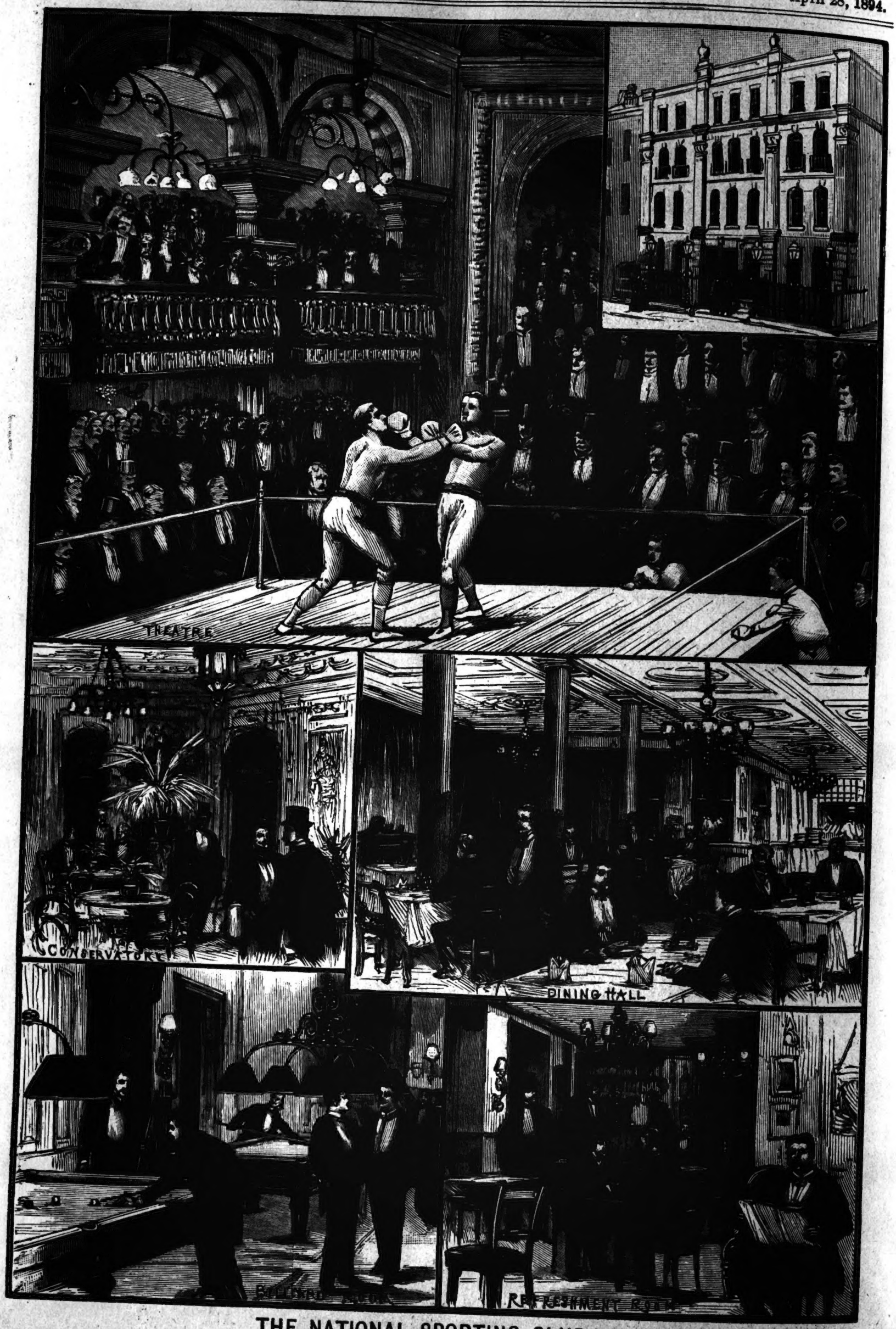
ANOTHER horrible lynching atrocity has taken place, the scene of the outrage being the village of Rushsylvania, in Logan county, Ohio, U.S.A. It appears that a negro named Seymour Newlin committed a violent assault upon an aged woman named Mrs. Knowles, on April 14. Rumours of the crime soon spread, and a search party was organised, and he was captured the following morning and incarcerated in a shed. The sheriff of the county arrived from Bellefontaine to take charge of the prisoner, but an angry mob collected around the shed and refused to give him up. The sheriff summoned a posse, but still the men refused to surrender the negro, and the sheriff then telegraphed to Bellefontaine for the militia to be sent to his assistance, a company being accordingly despatched in the afternoon for the scene of the trouble.

A crowd of citizens, infuriated at the interference of the sheriff, were apprised of the departure of the military, and when the company arrived at the building in which the prisoner was confined a hundred voices shouted a warning to the soldiers that the use of force in any degree whatever would be worse than useless, as dynamite bombs had been placed under the building, and that the prisoner would be blown to atoms if a single shot was fired in the attempt to hand him over to the sheriff. It was then decided that if the sheriff would order the militia to return to Bellefontaine a guard would be maintained over the unfortunate negro until morning, when he would be given a fair hearing.

At half-past nine o'clock in the evening of April 15 the mob, determined not to be cheated of its victim, made a raid on the shed and overturned it. A rope was produced, and a noose passed round the negro's neck, and the miserable wretch was then dragged to a cotton-wood tree a hundred yards distant. Little was said, and no opportunity was given him to make a confession. The end of the rope was thrown over the branch of a tree, a dozen willing hands seized it, and the negro was swung in the air. As soon as the work was finished the mob dispersed and quiet was restored.

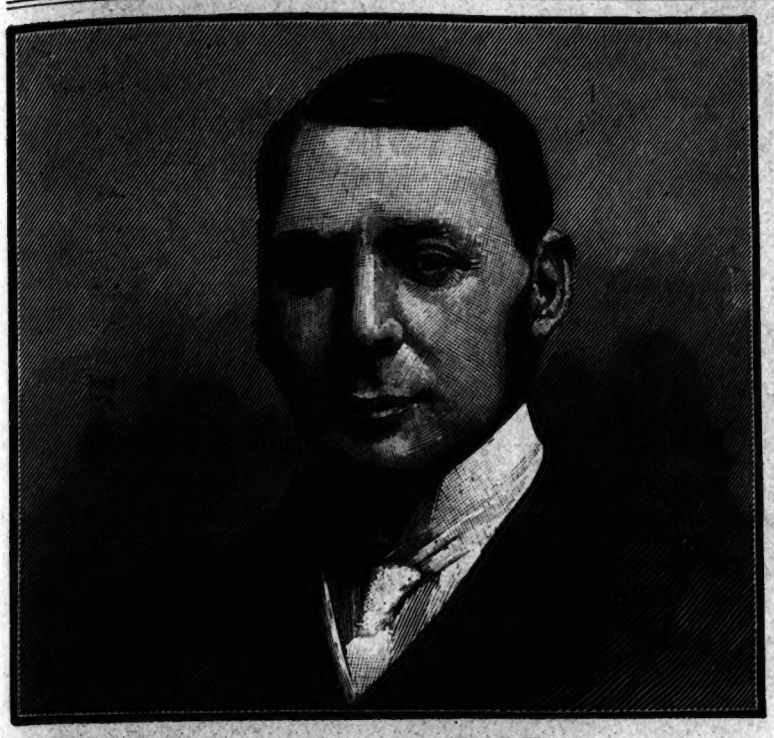
MISERY LOVES COMPANY.

AN extraordinary marriage has just taken place at Le Mans. There was a total absence of anything in the shape of festivities. On the contrary, the bridegroom was conducted to the spot from the neighbouring prison with handcuffs, which were removed during the ceremony, while the bride stood at the door of the Town Hall, awaiting his arrival, with a child at her side and another lying in her arms. The trio greeted the prisoner with lively demonstrations of affection, and the ceremony was performed, with three "huissiers" and an official of the Mairie as witnesses. The couple had already been married, but had been divorced some years ago, the second child having been born at a later date. All the necessary steps to legalise the situation having been taken, the handcuffs were replaced, and the man was escorted back to gaol, to the door of which his wife hurried, that she might catch a last glimpse of him. The husband, who is 30 years of age, was sentenced in the autumn to five years' hard labour for murder, and will soon be on his way to New Caledonia, where his wife hopes to join him at the end of the summer.



THE NATIONAL SPORTING CLUB.

A London Institution Famous in Both Hemispheres.

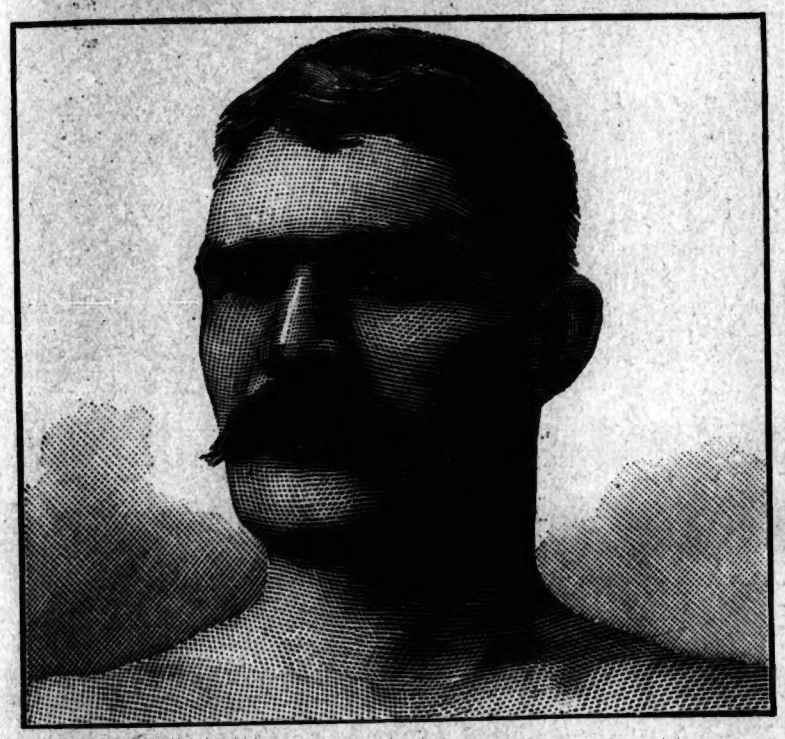


LORD LONSDALE.

The Nobleman who is a Patron of the Manly Art.

JOHN L. SULLIVAN.

Ex-Champion Pugilist, Exhibiting in the States as an Actor

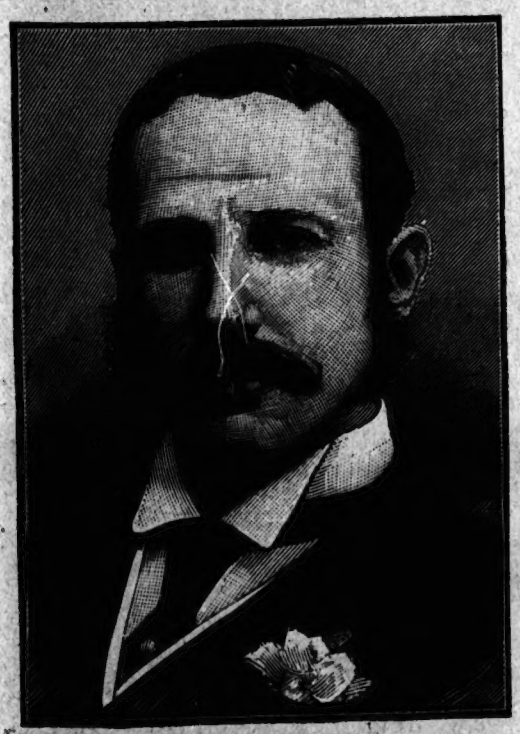


FRANK P. SLAVIN.

Australian Heavy Weight Pugilist, now a Resident of London.

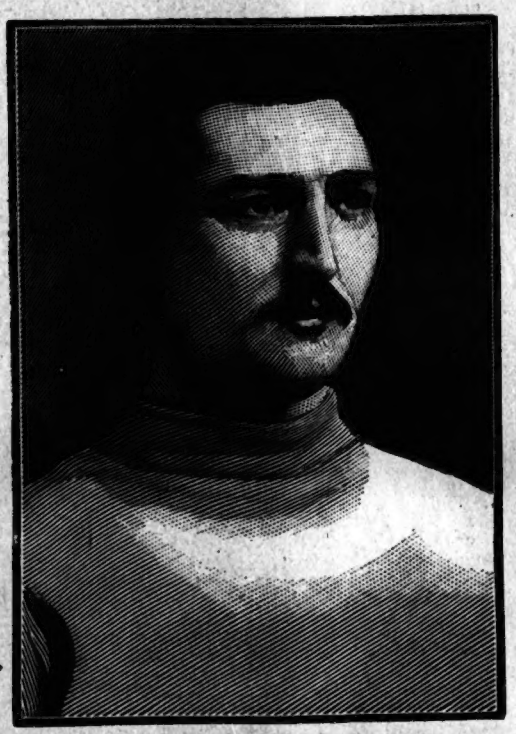
WILLIAM MORTIMER.

Clever 7st 4lb Pugilist.



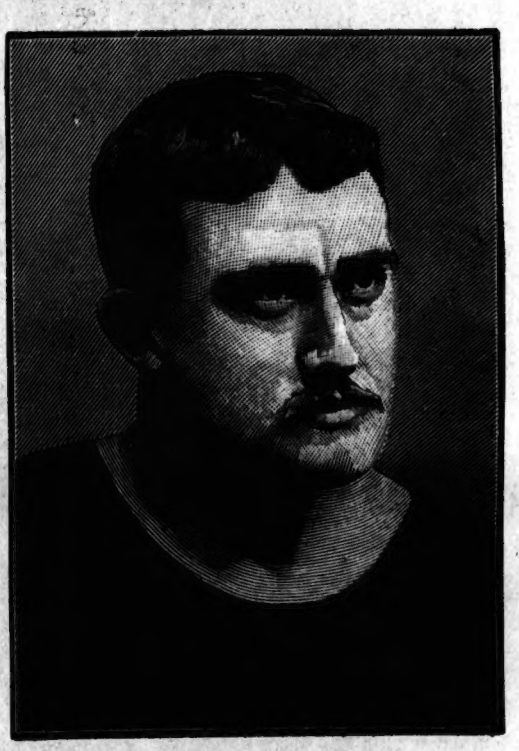
SIR GEORGE CHETWYND.

A Thorough English Sportsman.



BOB GOULD, OF LEEDS.

Celebrated Trainer of Sprinters.



JACK DOYLE.

An American Sprinter who has run Second at Manchester.

AROUND THE RING.

FIGHTER'S POPULARITY.

Sun Shines on Winners.

Rocky Road for Losers.

Men of Other Days.

National Sporting Club Meeting.

News Interesting to All.

PADDY RYAN, ex-champion heavy-weight of America, recently took a benefit at Cincinnati, U.S.A. He has for many years been a bit down in his luck, and though he has shifted about the States a great deal he has experienced pretty hard times. Up to the time he fought John L. Sullivan his company was courted by all the swells and sports, and in no portion of the States could he go but that a reception awaited the Troy Giant. His victory over Joe Goss, who was really past usefulness in the ring, was a mere scratch, but he was a champion, and a champion is what the Yankees craved for, hence Paddy's popularity with the people.

* * *

RYAN was badly ruptured and compelled to wear a truss. After Sullivan whipped Paddy an excuse for defeat was deemed inevitable to soothe the feelings of the disappointed ones who anticipated an easy victory for the champion, who hailed from Troy. Some claimed Paddy displayed a streak of cur in his veins, others allowed that it was the heavy punching John L. gave him, and shifted the championship honours, but Paddy declared that his truss dropped and caused him such agony that leaving off was the only means of obtaining relief. However, Paddy soon fell from public favour, and, though he had made a great deal of money, he found a way to get rid of it. It was a case of easy come, easy go, and the minute Paddy's money deserted him his followers did likewise, so that the big pugilist experienced rough travelling to make both ends meet.

* * *

SPEAKING of Ryan calls to mind an amusing episode in the big fighter's career shortly after he got beaten by Sullivan. Paddy was infatuated with cock-fighing, and always kept a dozen or more good birds, which he was prepared to back in any battle arranged. Paddy had a "pub" in Chicago, and his admiration for cock-fighting naturally brought him the trade of that class of sports.

In a battle between one of Paddy's birds and a gamecock owned by a Milwaukee man, the former turned out a rank quitter, and Ryan was not slow in pronouncing his bird a duffer. "Don't you believe it," exclaimed a spectator, "it's no quitter, Paddy, his truss fell down." Ever afterward when Ryan attended a fight he dreaded to see a bird turn tail because he knew what remarks would follow.

* * *

RYAN fared no worse than many of the good men in this country. So long as a fighter can win he is wined and dined, but let him meet with a single reverse and his doom is sealed.

Joe Hoiles, the Spider.

was probably the best little man we ever had, and when he fought people thought it like finding money to play him for a winner, providing he entered the ring at 7st 7lb, but he finally met his master in Alf Walker, and that meant the downfall of his career. He finally died August 19, 1860.

* * *

DURING his career Hoiles beat Cornwell for £20, in 18 rounds, lasting 29 minutes, at Woking, March 28, 1848; beat Herbert, £50, 100 rounds, 2h 15m, Woking Common, January 29, 1850; beat Madden, £50, 56 rounds, 1h 31m, Edinbridge, September 24, 1850; draw with Harry Adams, £50, 97 rounds, Lower Hope, January 14, 1851, because of a disputed foul blow; beat Trainer, £100, 49 rounds, 1h 20m, Long Reach, September 23, 1851; beat Bowers, £100, 25 rounds, 1h 24m, Long Reach, April 19, 1853, and finally beaten by Alf Walker.

THE Spider was far in advance of the American Spider, and what is more, he was a game 'un. Before Walker took down his number, he found it difficult to get on a match, and had he retired at that time, he would have figured ever afterwards as the greatest little man who ever entered the ring.

* * *

WE have been requested to give the record of Ben Caunt, the "big 'un" who, at one time, held the English Championship, and also visited the States on a fighting expedition.

Ben Caunt, of Nottingham,

was born near the town he hailed from on March 22, 1815, stood 6ft 2½in. in height, and entered the ring at 14st 7lb. He started on his career as a fighter by getting defeated at the hands of Bendigo for £50, July 21, 1835; beat Butler £40, fourteen rounds, Stoneyford, August 17, 1837; beat Boneford, £10, six rounds, Sunrise Hill, Notts, 1837; beat Bendigo, on a foul, £200, seventy-five rounds, one hour twenty minutes, Skipwith Common, Yorkshire, April 3, 1838; beat Brassey, £200, 101 rounds, one hour thirty minutes, Six Mile Bottom, Cambridgeshire, October 27, 1840; beaten by Nick Ward, on a foul; beat Nick Ward, £200, thirty-five rounds, forty-seven minutes, Long Marsden, May 11, 1841; beaten by Bendigo, £400, September 9, 1845, Caunt going down without a blow; draw with Nat Langham, £400, sixty-rounds, one hour twenty-nine minutes, Standing Creek, Medway, September 21, 1857.

* * *

CAUNT went to the States in 1841, but returned after a short visit reaching home March 10, 1842. He died at the Coach and Horses, St. Martin's Lane, September 10, 1861, being 46 years of age. For a "big 'un" he possessed remarkable endurance, and was a fighter from the top of his head to the soles of his feet.

* * *

PETER JACKSON is indeed a manly fellow, and Englishmen should be proud of such a pugilist sailing under the Union Jack, even though he be a black man. It is no fault of Peter's that he is coloured, because if he had been given any choice in the matter he certainly would have desired a "pale face:" but Jackson has consolation in knowing that many a white "hide" conceals a black heart. Get a good black man and you are sure to find him an unobtrusive gentleman; they realise the existing prejudice of the white folks, and naturally try to overcome that feeling by maintaining a reserved demeanour.

* * *

EVERYBODY knows how anxious Peter is of bringing to a settlement his proposed fight with James J. Corbett, and one would naturally expect in these modern times of newspaper warfare Jackson would use his efforts to malign the man he is so desirous of meeting. It is not so, however, because the *First Bismarck*, which conveyed Corbett to this country, brought us a letter through the mail from the coloured champion. It read as follows:—

Chicago, April 9, 1894.

To the Editor of THE MIRROR OF LIFE,
London, England.

Dear Sir,—Mr. J. J. Corbett, champion heavy-weight pugilist of America, intends leaving for London in a few days, at which place he will shortly appear with his theatrical company. Will you kindly say for me, through your paper, that I wish my friends and what little following I have in England to do all in their power to make his tour through England a pleasant and financial success? I have received very kind treatment from the American people, and have every confidence that Mr. Corbett will receive the same from the people of old England.—Very respectfully,

PETER JACKSON (of Australia).

* * *

JACK MCAULIFFE, the American light-weight, contemplates visiting this country in June to try his fortune at backing race-horses. In speaking of Stanton Abbott's ability he says:—"I have watched the Englishman's movements very closely, and must admit that he is a very clever boxer. He appears to be shifty on his feet, can punch hard, and uses both of his hands well. People ask me quite often whether it is true that Corbett and I are friends again. Well, in one sense we are, and in another we are not. The night I met him on Broadway he appeared to be very friendly, and really called me 'Mister McAuliffe.' I never knew that he was so polite and amiable. At that very moment I could have given him a good punch on the nose. Jackson will do him as sure as Gospel if they ever meet, and I think the business will be better benefited if such a thing happens. Of course, I'm still a friend of Corbett because he was so polite to me. Can't you understand?"

* * *

Fitzsimmons "Don't know Where 'E are."

That is, talk emanating from him would convey that impression. One day Bob wants to fight anybody for any amount, and the very next day it is off with him, and he suggests fabulous sums as purses, knowing no club or syndicate could ever see a clear way to guarantee big money. His latest cry comes in the shape of an offer to fight any man in the world, bar Peter Jackson, for 10,000dols. a-side in private, and lays stress on the fact that Corbett, Creedon, and Choynski are included in the challenge. If the middle-weight champion goes out of his class looking for trouble he is very liable to get more than he bargains for, because Choynski, in condition, should beat him.

* * *

THE members of the National Sporting Club who attended the meeting April 16, had the pleasure of witnessing some good sparring, because manager John Fleming had decided an open 8st competition, a 20-round contest between Bill Roberts, of Islington, and Bert Bolton, of St. George's, for £35, and other boxing bouts of an interesting character. The competition brought forward eight entries. Tim Sullivan, a knock-kneed youth of the Drury Lane district, built on the lines of a spider, and Alf Halsey, of Fulham disputed honours for the first bout. No time was lost, and though Sullivan's knees got so badly mixed that he fell to the floor, he settled down to effective work, which gained for him the verdict. The second bout was between Sid Phillips, of Islington, and Bob Hampson, of Clerkenwell, and it looked as though it might have been a good contest, but Phillips disappointed the people by knocking his man down early in the opening round. Hampson arose, only to receive a rap on the jaw, which put an end to all his fistic aspirations for the evening. For the third bout Jem Knowles, of Bermondsey, and Jim Beach, of Holloway, faced each other, and it was even up till the concluding round, when Knowles secured a slight advantage which entitled him to appear in the second round of trials. E. Marlow, of Stratford, and J. Marsh, of Holloway, contested the fourth bout. The latter was very neatly attired, and appeared to fancy looking at his gaudy foot gear rather than the man before him. Neither displayed a desire to injure the other, and Manager Fleming informed them that they must get a move on or quit. Marlow got a move on, and slammed a dozen blows on Marsh, who held out his hand and cried peccavi. For the second series Sullivan beat Phillips and Marlow beat Knowles, and they, as winners, came together for the final bout. Marlow mixed matters up in a determined fashion, and though he did the better work of the pair he was unable to flop over the lathy lad who opposed him. Sullivan made a good stand, but was not quite good enough to get in front of Marlow, who was declared the winner.

Bolton and Roberts were next called upon to settle their differences. The latter paid attention to the ribs and stomach of his adversary, landing telling blows with both hands. Bolton did not relish the medicine, though he accepted it in man fashion, and retaliated on the face and neck. It is the rib roasters that do the most mischief, and that Bolton realised, because he gradually displayed a distress signal and lost his hitting capacity. In the fifth round Bolton received a blow on the jaw which brought him down. He was unable to rise within the ten seconds limit, and Roberts was given the award. The majority were under the impression that the single punch is what done the trick, but it didn't because the raps that Bolton received on the ribs were what gradually produced a weakened condition, and it only required a knock-down to put him past continuing the contest. In an impromptu six-round bout Jim Goodson beat Bob Woodley.

* * *

ONE of the most brutal prize-fights that ever occurred in the States took place on April 6, near Cleveland, Ohio, at the resort known as the Five Mile Inn. The principals were Jeff Powers and Jack Donovan. The fight was witnessed by fifty sports. Both men were frightfully punished, and in the seventh round Donovan received a terrible blow over the heart that almost killed him. A physician worked with him several hours, and up to last accounts he was in a precarious condition. Numerous arrests will follow. Donovan's brother was killed in a prize-fight near Syracuse, N.Y., just one year ago.

* * *

JACK HAVLIN, the old-time feather-weight, who years ago figured in drawers with the American champions, and fought a forty-four round draw with Frank Murphy, the English champion, for the championship of the world, in Hoboken, in 1888, was forced to quit in eight rounds, at Boston, April 8, by L. J. Heenan, a novice. The fight was at the rooms of the Lafayette Club, and was fast and furious while it lasted.

* * *

TOM PASHLEY and J. Thompson decided their twelve-round contest for £50 a-side at Hull, April 17. Each man had been in strict training for some weeks, Pashley under Jack Martin's care from the Derby Hotel, while Thompson was looked after by Jim King from the Abercrombie Hotel. Rivalry has been at a high pitch between the supporters of each man for a long period, each having defeated similar combatants in a previous contest. Consequently speculation was very close, and a lot of money changed hands at evens and a shade of odds on Pashley, who was seconded by Bob Dannatt and Jack Martin, with Walter Brooks as bottle-holder; while similar services were rendered Thompson by Jack Wilson, Jim King, and H. Holmes. After the referee had introduced the combatants, Mr. Alec Stuart called "time" and the contest commenced. Both set to work in right earnest, and Pashley was soon knocked down. On rising they clinched and fell again, Thompson uppermost. Pashley then lended his opponent a blow with his right on the neck, and he fell like a bullock. He was unable to rise in the specified time, and Pashley was declared the winner of his third successive one-round victory.

* * *

AT Bill Lee's Bermondsey School of Arms, April 14, Paddy Newman outboxed Tom Brown in a six-round contest; and in the final of a 7st 4lb competition Harry Lane, of Bermondsey, clearly proved his superiority over Bill Brady, of Walworth, and got the award.

* * *

OWING to sustaining an injury to his arm, Bill Langford was forced to quit in favour of Tich Swindon in the sixth round of a ten-round contest, April 14, at the Lambeth School of Arms.

* * *

A SERIES of contests were decided at the United Radical Club, Hackney, on April 17. Punch Power beat B. Kennedy in an eight-round bout, and Will Howard was awarded honours in a four-round battle with Curley Perrin. Alf Royle and Leon set out to box six rounds. They were amateurs; in fact, it is doubtful if either had previously taken part in a serious contest. In the second round Royle brought off a swinging right on the jaw, which floored his man, who was counted out.

* * *

AT an entertainment at Hollier's Gymnasium, Peckham, on April 14, the chief attractions were the final bout of a 7st 6lb competition, and a six rounds contest. Ginger Prise, of Walworth, and Sid Burns, of Bermondsey, were the opponents in the first-mentioned event, which the former won, after a good bout; but in the contest, Alec Ware, of Walworth, gave in to C. Brown, of Camberwell, after a single round had been decided, and evidently did not relish the task he had undertaken.

* * *

FRED JOHNSON and Dave Wallace, two clever light weights, are to box the best of twenty rounds, for a purse, at the National Sporting Club, May 7, it being the occasion of a testimonial tendered to Mr. A. F. Bettinson, who, besides being a retired amateur champion swimmer, will be readily remembered as the amateur light-weight champion boxer of England for the year 1882. Under these circumstances, it is hardly necessary to say he will have the assistance of all the chief exponents of the present-day boxing. Mr. Robert Hair will oppose Mr. Joe Steers, in addition to which Mr. Horace King, Mr. W. J. King, Alf Bowman, and Ted White will appear. Mr. W. Campbell, amateur light-weight champion, will also spar with Tom Williams, champion of Australia.

* * *

A CONTEST of twenty rounds with 4oz. gloves at catch weights will be decided May 21, between Jack Taylor, of Edmonton, and Jack Hart, of the Meat Market, for £25 a-side and a purse.

Joe Peters, of Marylebone, and Tom Davis, of Kilburn, met at the Amberley Social Club, April 16, to fight ten rounds for a purse. The first five rounds were of a scrambling order, with a slight advantage in favour of Peters, who, in the eighth round, knocked his man down twice. Whilst Davis was on his knees after the second knock-down Peters delivered him two heavy blows. The referee stopped the battle, and rendered a decision in favour of Davis on a foul.

* * *

The weekly show at the Raglan Music Hall on April 16 was rather interesting, and drew a large audience. The opening event was a twenty-round affair between Jack Bates, of Brentford, and Brewer-Smith, of Chiswick, for £30. Half-way through the former looked all over a winner, but was badly advised by his seconds, for instead of keeping at long range, at which he was seen best, he repeatedly got to close quarters, with the result that he invariably received the worst of matters. This was particularly the case in the thirteenth round, when he was sent to the boards from a half-arm job, and being very groggy when he next came up, Smith soon outed him. "The Brewer" certainly deserved his victory, as from start to finish he boxed in the most plucky manner. Then came a twelve-round contest between Tom Ashwick and Bill Corbett, which created intense excitement, as the parties are well known. The affair went the allotted numbers, and was productive of a grand struggle. At the start Corbett did well, but after the fifth round Ashwick, who possesses a splendid left, kept it working in grand style, and being a trifle longer in the reach he was continually scoring. For the last six rounds Corbett had to do all his boxing on the retreat, and though at times he did well, the other man was always first, and at the end had won decisively, though the verdict was received with hisses by a few disgruntled spectators.

* * *

Arthur Brookson and Jack Shaw engaged to fight to a finish in London for a purse, on April 16. Brookson was the smaller man of the pair, and soon as time was called he walked over to Shaw, shook hands, and then rained blow after blow upon Shaw's face and ribs that completely staggered the last named, and he was undoubtedly glad when ordered to their corners. This performance Brokson repeated in the second round, whilst half-way through the third Shaw, after slipping down twice, found himself so completely worn out and weak that he gave in.

* * *

In the Antient Concert Rooms, Dublin, April 17, a glove contest took place between Jack M'Gowan, of Glasgow, and Jack M'Cune, of Govan, at 10st, for £15 a-side and a £10 purse. M'Cune won in 11 secs.

* * *

Ginger Berry was beaten by Jack Hartley in a six round bout at the Blue Anchor, Shoreditch, April 14.

* * *

Darkey Edwards and Wag Ward fought with four ounce gloves to a finish in Paris recently, for a purse. During the first eight rounds both men done some clean and effective work, Edwards showing to the best advantage. In the ninth round Ward planted a heavy body-blow, which doubled Edwards up. Before he could recover Edwards was sent down with a left-hander on the neck. He arose just in time to be felled again, and being unable to respond the second time, Ward was given the purse.

* * *

A joint testimonial was tendered to Alf. Boon and Patsey Cohen at the Borough of Finsbury Working Men's Club, Caledonian Road, April 16, when several glove contests were decided. In eight-round battles W. Adams beat T. Wordsworth, and Smyrk beat W. Berry. For the six-round bouts, Alf. Boon, jun., disposed of J. Sawyer, and A. Conway was second best to Greenfield, of Holloway.

* * *

The boxing tournament promoted by Frank Hinde, at St. Andrew's Hall, Newman Street, proved to be a success. The opening night, April 16, was the poorest one of the week, but as the tournament progressed, the attendance increased considerably; besides, the contestants warmed up to their work, and much better boxing was the result. The last half of the week was characterised by rugged work, and the men, being evenly matched, gave interesting displays. Being limited for space we confine ourselves to giving the results of the final bouts, decided April 21, which are as follows:—

7st 12lb Competition.—Final: George Winters, Rotherhithe, beat H. Camis, St. James's. This proved to be a well-contested bout, Winters only just winning.

9st Competition.—Final: Dan Murphy, Finsbury, beat Fred Mansford, Mile End. The first-named, who was the taller, led throughout, and was declared the winner.

8st 4lb Competition.—Final: Goodey York, Colchester, beat J. H. Rampling, Bethnal Green. The visitor, after a very heavy set-to, gained the verdict.

6st 10lb Competition.—Final: Ted Beach, Holloway, beat G. Gledbill, Edmonton. This was undoubtedly the best bout of the evening, Beach, although having an injured hand, just winning.

9st 2lb Competition.—Final: Tom Causer, Bermondsey, beat Jack Loader, Barnsbury. Causer throughout had much the best of the exchanges, and won easily.

7st 6lb Competition.—W. Croot, Leytonstone, beat Bill Bolton, St. George's. After a capital spar Croot, who proved the stronger towards the close, just gained the verdict.

9st Competition.—Final: Harry Webster, King's Cross, beat Ginger Stewart, Battersea, after a grand bout.

11st 4lb Competition.—Final: George Chrisp, Newcastle, beat Ted Rich, Walworth. This proved of short duration, Chrisp knocking his man out in the first round.

* * *

John Donaldson, who is here as sparring partner to James J. Corbett, champion pugilist, is creating a favourable impression amongst the sporting fraternity by his quiet and unassuming demeanour. Fifteen years ago Donaldson was considered to be the best heavy-weight boxer in the Western States, and though he never was fortunate enough to hoard up much of his earnings, he attained popularity which any man should be proud of. We have known of him for fifteen years back, and never heard of him acting anything but a gentleman. Corbett could not have made a better choice for a sparring partner, and appreciates the value of Donaldson's services by paying him a higher salary than was ever paid to any man assuming the same position as the modest John.

* * *

Four years ago Donaldson visited the colonies of Australia, at the request of his friend Captain Morse, of the steamer *Alameda*, and, curious to say, he was accorded a more cordial reception by the better element of sporting men than was extended John L. Sullivan. In this country it is the ambition of pugilists to spar for the edification of some member of the Royal family, feeling that a high compliment has been bestowed upon them, and that the manly art of self defence has been recognised as a pastime.

* * *

Donaldson don't boast of having sparred for the edification of any titled gentleman, but has actually donned the mits with a king, and in fact instructed the monarch how to handle his "dukes." When John left the Colonies en route to San Francisco he was prevailed upon to sojourn at Honolulu, and give instructions in athletic exercises. He was introduced to King Kalakau at the palace, and his majesty, perceiving the gentlemanly demeanour of the pugilist, arranged for instructions in sparring. Donaldson was extended the freedom of his majesty's boathouse, and when finally Donaldson returned to the States, he was presented with a purse of gold which amply paid him for his sojourn in the Sandwich Islands.

* * *

Donaldson is the owner of a valuable farm near Minneapolis, besides being a special partner in a business house in that city.

* * *

John McVey, the tough man resplendent in diamonds when appearing as Splash in "Gentleman Jack," is a really good wrestler, and has scored wins in many matches in the States. He has never hippodromed about like William Muldoon, Tom Cannon, Greek George, Christal, and many others, but always sought contests for actual and not advertised stake money. His engagement with Corbett precludes his participating in a match in this country, so that we shall not be afforded an opportunity of gauging his ability, excepting we do so in private, when Corbett starts training for his match with Peter Jackson, because the champion wrestles with McVey when undergoing preparation for a battle.

* * *

Con Donovan was tendered a benefit at the Goodwin Gymnasium, April 19, when Tom Brown beat Tom Hackett in eight rounds; Con Barrett took ten rounds to beat Bill Brewish; and in a twelve round battle Ginger Price was given a decision over Bert Smith.

FRANK P. SLAVIN.

The Australian Heavy-Weight Pugilist.

(With Portrait.)

Frank P. Slavin was for several years one of the best heavy-weight pugilists in Australia. Coming to England four years ago he defeated Bill Goode and fought Jem Smith a draw. Visiting America he vanquished Jake Kilrain, and there cut quite a swath by challenging the world. Sullivan and Corbett both agreed to accommodate him, but he was unable to get the requisite financial backing.

Slavin was beaten by Peter Jackson in London, and afterwards bowed down to Jem Hall. His match with Hall never satisfied the people, and since then Slavin has not received an offer for a fight. He challenged John L. Sullivan recently, but failed to produce the money for such a match.

ACCOMMODATION FOR SIX.

A Mormon's Scheme to Keep His Wives Under Surveillance.

(Subject of Illustration.)

"It is the general impression," writes a correspondent from Salt Lake City, "that Mormonism has been abolished in Utah Territory, but those who convey such an idea don't know what they are talking about. Go in the country a short distance and you will find most every man having more than one wife; and it does indeed sound amusing to hear a child say it has three mammas. In the large cities they have suppressed it to a certain extent, though the doctrine is imbued into the minds of many. Take it a few miles from the city, and, if you go about it in the proper way, you will readily find convincing proof that the men are not particular about the number of wives they enlist to their household. Take the Mormons, on the whole, they are a peaceful, law-abiding and industrious set, but the mania of the men to have a multitude of wives is so pronounced that one with but a single wife is no man at all. I know of one instance where a Mormon took unto himself an additional wife recently and actually had a bed built with partitions set to accommodate six. In that bed six wives rest in sweet repose whilst the liege lord and master occupies the adjoining room. Some may think it poor policy to turn the lot loose in one room, but it ain't because they are all passably good-looking and young, and naturally watch each other with a zealous feeling lest one may be more kindly treated than the rest. So long as Utah territory is in the States Mormonism will prevail.

THE NATIONAL SPORTING CLUB.

A London Institution Famous in both Hemispheres.

(Subject of Illustration.)

The National Sporting Club is famous throughout the world as an institution pre-eminent for the promotion of sparring contests. It is located in the west end of Covent Garden, and was, in years gone by, known as Evans' Supper Rooms. The building is four stories high, and as you ascend a few steps to enter you step into a lobby. Passing up one flight of stairs you reach the billiard-room, where the club matches are decided. Above that floor the rooms are elegantly furnished as sleeping apartments. To reach the main hall of the theatre you have, on entering the building, to descend one flight of stairs, and, passing through the dining hall, arranged for club dinners, you enter a large hall where the sparring contests are held. At the extreme end there is a stage and scenery, but that is never utilised excepting when a smoking concert is held. On Monday nights many of the members sit there to get a good view of the ring, which is pitched on a raised platform twenty feet from the stage. Between the stage and the ring there are three rows of chairs for the benefit of the directors. The centre ones on the back row, which is elevated above the front rows, the referee, B. J. Angle, and Mr. Cousins, the timekeeper, sit when contests are in progress.

On three sides of the ring chairs are placed in rows for the benefit of the members, and directly above them is the gallery, portioned off in boxes on two sides; four people can comfortably sit side by side in each box, close to the rail. Back of them is accommodation for at least five rows of chairs. That portion of the gallery which faces the stage contains seats in the same style as a dress circle in a theatre.

As you leave the gallery you step into the observatory, which is expensively decorated throughout. Between the observatory and the lobby, at the entrance, is the refreshment and reading room, where The Mirror of Life and other important daily and weekly papers are kept on file.

Mr. Fleming has a reception room off the lobby, close to the entrance to the club. The Club is, without question, the handsomest and best appointed of its kind in the world. The membership is over a thousand, and includes many dukes, lords, and honourables who are admirers of sparring sport.

The manner in which it is conducted reflects considerable credit upon Mr. Fleming, who is now making strenuous efforts to procure the Corbett-Jackson contest as a feature for the opening meeting of the club next fall. If he is unsuccessful in his efforts it will be due to no fault of his, because he has long been in correspondence with both men, and is fully alive to the fact that when Corbett and Jackson come together it will mean the meeting of the two greatest heavy-weights that have ever entered a roped arena to dispute honours for premiership in their class.

Mr. John Fleming, the manager of the National Sporting Club, is known both here and abroad as a promoter of noted glove contests, and the only manager who has for patrons the nobility of England. Meetings over which he presides are conducted in a manner which reflects credit upon his ability as a manager. He has brought into prominence nearly all of the modern pugilists, particularly Jem Smith, who held the English championship in the heavy-weight division. When but a boy he kept a boxing-room visited by Micky Gannon, who fought Jack Baldock, and since then he has been closely identified with the manly art. He obtained his first knowledge of boxing at Jem Ward's rooms in Whitechapel, Bill Richardson's, which was the home of Jem Mace, and at the King John, Holywell Lane, conducted by Jack Lead, Nat Langham's in the West End, Harry Brunton's in The Barbican, and other noted old time resorts.

It was Mr. Fleming who put Ted Napper in the Five Ink Horns, New Nichols Street, Shoreditch, and was the first man to get as patrons to boxing the aristocracy of Europe. Jem Smith and Toff Wall are both indebted to Mr. Fleming for their first public appearance and subsequent reputation as pugilists. He managed boxing at the Pelican Club successfully, but left there to assume control of the National Sporting Club, patronised by the nobility of Europe.

BOUND FOR THE DARBY.

William Fletcher, aged ten, was seated in a nice dogcart, crying "Jee up," between the whiffs of a cigarette in his mouth, to the pony which was dragging it through Fenchurch Street; while William Blowham, aged fifteen, was reclining comfortably in the vehicle, reading to the driver the tips of The Mirror of Life for a race meeting a month old, adding, from time to time, "I agrees with that cove. It's a dead cert, my pippin," the pippin being the cigarette smoker, who briefly replied, "Hoodle-my-wink," which meant that he was up to snuff and could see as far through a jerry-builder's wall as an ordinary man with the naked eye. Constable Drury thought the turnout a remarkable one, and stopped it. "Where are you going?" he asked. Fletcher looked at him rather contemptuously, and said, "Well, guv'nor, if you wants to know pertic'lar, we're off to the Darby, we are." "Where is the Darby run for?" said the policeman. Fletcher took a great puff from his cigarette, and answered, "Somewheres out in the country. Ain't it Rill?" he added, turning to Blowham, who attempted to hide his sporting intentions by unsuccessfully sitting on The Mirror of Life. William answered vaguely, "Yus, but it's the t'other side of Lunnon Bridge, I b'lieve." The constable suggested that a very convenient halfway house would be a police-station, and thither he directed the steps of the pony. To whom did the animal and cart belong? Mr. Walter Mullins, basket-maker, Love Lane, who went into a coffee-house for breakfast, and when he emerged found that the vehicle and animal had gone—to see the Darby. At the Mansion House Police Court the Lord Mayor said to the prisoners, who stood with mouths wide open: Do you want to ask any questions of the officer? Fletcher (scratching his head): Ye-es. I think so.—Well, what are they?—Please, sir, I don't know, answered the culprit.—The Lord Mayor: Then what have you to say for yourselves? Fletcher (with trembling voice): Why, let us go, if you please. No; I cannot do that, said his lordship. I shall remand you for further inquiries to be made by the police. This ended a famous "Darby" trip.

HARRY LEVY.

A Companion of Mendoza, who died in London recently, aged 107 years.

(With Portrait.)

We present this week a portrait of Harry Levy, who recently died in that portion of London known as Petticoat Lane, at the age of 107 years. Old Levy was a remarkable man, if for no other reason than his great age, but when it is remembered that the old gentleman lived almost every day of his life amidst the unsavoury surroundings of Petticoat Lane, and retained his faculties to the last, his case was indeed a rare exception.

Old Levy was always a study, and game to the last. "Come and see father," said "*Young* Levy" one morning as the writer strayed down the "lane." The old man was then 106 years of age, and, with the agility of a young man, he walked into an adjacent pub. kept by Joe Aaron, the son of Barney Aaron, the famous pugilistic "Star of the East." The old man had just finished a modest quencher, when his daughter, alarmed at his absence, came into the pub. "My dear," said old Levy, in reply to her remonstrance, "this is only the third *leetle* drop of whisky I have had this morning." It was a treat to talk with the old man on matters pugilistic, for his memory was wonderful. His hero and friend was Dan Mendoza, and even to the last Old Levy used to speak of poor old Deaf Burke's rough ways with abhorrence. A person never saw old age so vigorous intellectually and physically as in the person of the most remarkable Jew of the period—Old Levy, of Middlesex Street.

SUPPRESSION OF FINE ART PICTURES.

Works of Art Regarded as too Indecent for Public Exposure.

A MASHER ROUGHLY DEALT WITH.

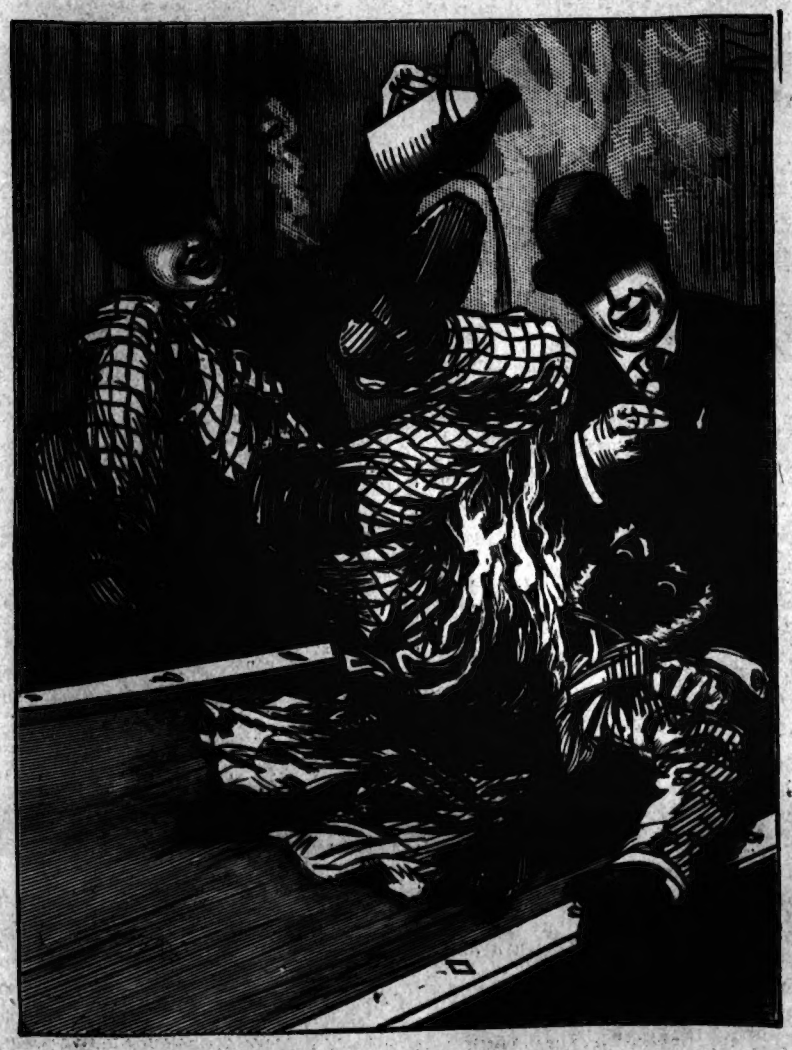
Husband, Wife and Friends all take a Turn in Thrashing Him.

POLICE-STATION MISTAKEN FOR A HOTEL.

The Plight of an Englishman who Imbibed too Freely.

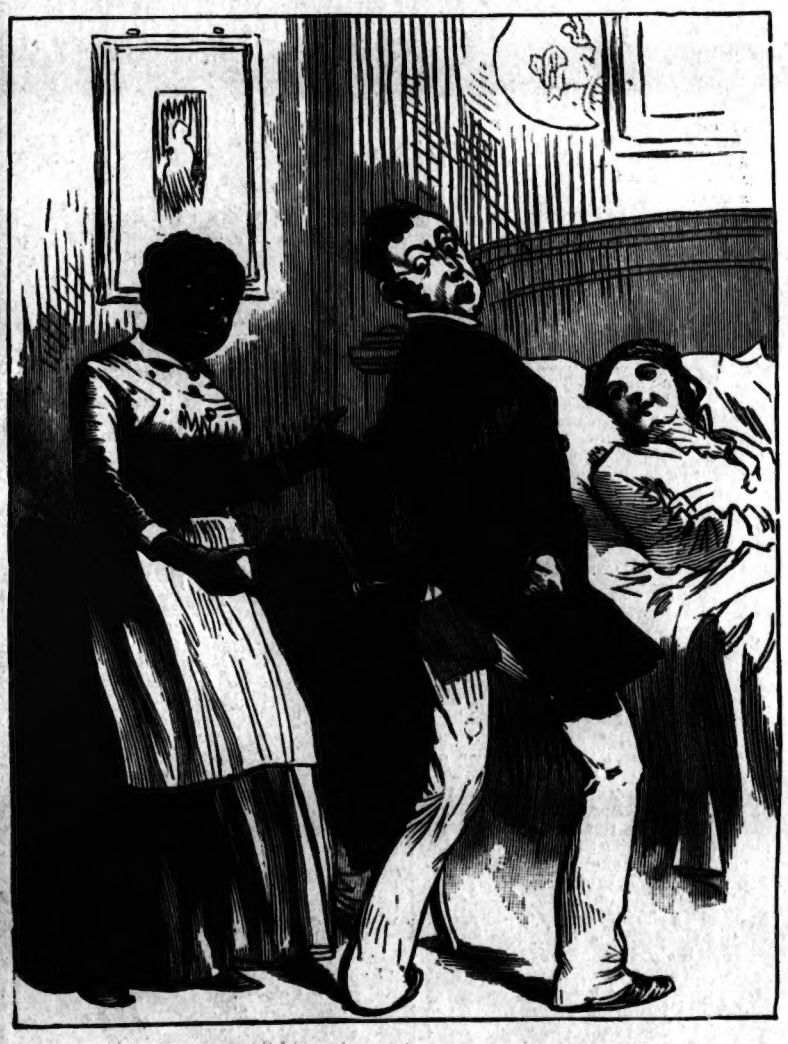
"THERE'S WHERE THE SNORER SLEEPS."

A Pullman Car Guard's Method of Exposing a Peace Disturber.



THEY THOUGHT IT "FUNNY."

Mischievous Boys Set Fire to a Darkey who is Saturated with Oil.



SAT ON THE PLASTER.

The Predicament a Physician Found Himself in.

A MASHER ROUGHLY DEALT WITH.

Husband, Wife, and Friends all take a Turn in Thrashing Him.

(Subject of Illustration.)

If Boccaccio had lived in the Tenderloin in these days, and had not been arrested by Dr. Parkhurst or Mr. Comstock, says a New York correspondent, he would have found material for another story in the adventure that befell an attache of Daly's Theatre. It was very funny for all concerned except the attache himself. His identity remains a secret, but he is said to be very sore, both metamphorically and physically.

For a long time some of the tenants in the five-storey brick flat house opposite the theatre, have noticed from day to day a good-looking man on the roof of Daly's Theatre, making pantomime love to a woman in the flat building opposite. When he made gestures as if asking permission to come over to the flat he would elevate his eyebrows and make his index finger go frantically in the direction of the flat. He would also beckon and raise his eyebrows as if in evident invitatian to the mysterious some one to come over to the theatre. Then he would throw kisses in lavish profusion. Some of the tenants say that the object of his attentions was a pretty girl who is a dancer, and others that it was another person who is also comely. They say that several eminently respectable women living there who are on the stage practise daily the steps they do at the theatres.

This, some of the tenants think, may have served to encourage the Lothario over the way. At all events, the performance was repeated at noon yesterday, and the Lothario received some sort of invitation to come over. It is said that a key was thrown out of a window for the masher, and that it was done on the advice of the woman's husband. "In the spring the young man's fancy lightly turns to thoughts of love," but that's no excuse for rude conduct. In any event the young man from Daly's Theatre went across the street, took the key, and called. The reception accorded him was hot.

The tenants heard yells and shouts, and saw a vision of the theatre-man sailing through the halls with coat-tails streaming out behind. The vision yelled as it flew down the stairs four steps at a time, out of the door and towards Sixth Avenue. It disappeared before the police in the neighbourhood reached the scene. Windows were thrown up, heads were poked out all about the neighbourhood, and a crowd collected in the street. The theatre-man was nowhere to be seen, and nobody knew what it was all about. The caretaker was distinctly non-committal when questioned about the affair a little later. He said the lady didn't want to get her name into the papers.

The caretaker's wife was more communicative. She said: "If the husband of the woman in question told her to keep away from the windows, I don't think she had any right to take the affair into her own hands. She should have left the matter to him."

She was not sure which woman was the one in question, but understood that a young married woman on the third landing inveigled the victim to the room, and pretended to be dressed for a walk out, when her husband rushed from the room and pounded the masher unmercifully, while the wife stood by an interesting spectator. In the doorway stood a friend who was to lend aid in case of any emergency. The incident was the talk of the neighbourhood, and the impression seemed to be that the woman had noted the "Peeping Tom" on various occasions, and had encouraged him so that her husband might be at home when he threw the key into the street. When the Lothario crossed and entered the flat he got a beautiful thrashing, for, besides the husband, there were friends who played an active part in the episode.

BOB GOULD OF LEEDS.

Celebrated Trainer of Sprinters.

(With Portrait.)

There is no man more favourably known or popular with the sporting fraternity than Bob Gould, of Leeds, the athletic trainer. His services are always in demand, and he has developed some good men on the cinder path. He fitted Steve Farrell for his Manchester "win" when the Yankee showed better than even time. Farrell, however, is not the only man he has handled from the States. Gould had Quirk running fast enough to win a Sheffield a few years back, and the wily American was put on £150 if he won. Some outsider put him on £200 to lose, and Jim Quirk went for the £200, leaving his trainer and backers to suffer. He brought Mike Donlan out a Sheffield winner, fitted D. R. Budd, when the latter ran second at Sheffield, and improved Jack Doyle, the American in his running. Doyle, however, stood back too far and never succeeded in carrying off honours here. Gould don't confine himself to sprinters but handles fighters, having prepared Dick Burge, of Newcastle-on-Tyne, for more than one battle.

SICKENED ON A CALL FOR VOLUNTEERS.

Militiamen Faint when Ordered to Prepare to Fight Rioters.

(Subject of Illustration.)

If a man wishes to keep thoroughly posted on amusing incidents that occur from time to time in the United States, he has only to frequent a certain resort in the West End where the foreigners generally go to while away time when in town. It was at the *rendezvous* mentioned that a Mirror of Life reporter met a recent arrival who fell in a talkative mood characteristic of our American Cousins. "Let me tell you a story," he said, "and you can rest assured it is true too. You know we have what is known as volunteer militiamen, who are not paid for joining the Service, because the members tend to business right along, and only have to appear at the armoury or barracks once or twice a month and go through a drill. During the course of a year they are called upon several times to appear in a parade, so you can see it is a pleasure for them to be members of the ranks. In case of war, they would be requested to respond for duty, but as the prospects of war are so remote, those who join are pretty safe to say that they will never engage in a battle on the field. Should there be a riot or anticipated trouble, the Governor can call upon the Militia to immediately proceed to any part of the State he may choose to order them. Everybody knows what a determined lot the Southerners are, and a law-abiding citizen would as soon face a lion as a Southern gentleman for a fight. Well, it is only a short time ago that a certain Governor called upon the Militia of a certain part to proceed to a town where trouble was anticipated, and believe me when the Colonel read the call for volunteers, after the inspection, several of the regiment actually fainted, some ran away, others trembled so that their knees actually knocked together. Out of the front ranks only one man stood motionless and presented a calm and reserved appearance, as though he was prepared to face death if necessary. The colonel noticed it, and praised him for his courage. He said he would see that he received promotion, and requested him to step down the ranks to order the men to brace up. Did he go? Well, no he didn't. He told the colonel before he could move a step it would be necessary for him to change his trousers. Why! he was the worst scared man of the lot. They all say they are ready to fight at a moment's notice, but you can bet your last penny when it comes to real danger there ain't any of them dead game. Of course there are exceptions, but I speak of them on the whole; I don't know how your army is, but should say they ought to be ready for war, because they are actually paid for nothing else."

S. SIMONS.

A Birmingham Hairdresser with Sporting Proclivities.

(With Portrait.)

Elkan Simons, of Birmingham, has, since boyhood, been identified with sporting matters, and is in his element when he can witness a glove contest. It is therefore hereditary for S. Simons to develop sporting proclivities; and as we are in an age which is on the advance, so be it with Simons, junior, who don't confine himself to boxing sport alone, but has shown ability himself as an athlete, having ridden a bicycle from Birmingham to London and return—a distance of over 200 miles—in 16 hours and 15 minutes.

Simons keeps a hairdressing and tobacco shop at 54, Smallbrook Street, Birmingham, where the sports generally congregate to discuss coming events.

SAT ON THE PLASTER.

The Predicament a Physician Found Himself in.

(Subject of Illustration.)

An amusing incident occurred at Philadelphia, U.S.A., the other day. A physician who had been attending one of his patients had recommended a porous plaster being placed on the chest. The coloured servant procured one, and instead of applying it to the invalid, who was sleeping at the time, laid it on a chair close to the bedside, deciding to apply it when the lady awoke. The plaster was evidently forgotten, because the following day the physician paid his usual visit, sitting in the chair where the plaster was laid.

He called the servant and upraided her for not getting the plaster as ordered. "I got it massa and doan lay it on dat chair, and I clare to de lord it am on de seat of your pants," exclaimed the wench, and sure enough it was there, because when the physician arose, and pulled apart his coat tails, the plaster showed up as big as life. The patient laughed herself into a coughing fit, and eventually caused vomiting which, to her, proved better than medicine, and she is convalescing rapidly.

PLAYING HOP-SCOTCH IN THE DRAWING-ROOM.

A Game Pleasing to Ladies, and Fascinating to Men.

(Subject of Illustration.)

We are in an age where people must advance. Improvement has been marked in all branches of business, hence it is not out of the ordinary run of affairs to notice a change in the social walks of life. In drawing-room entertainments dancing and speaking become monotonous, so that pleasant evenings out are not as frequent as one might expect. What men want is variety, and anything new lends a fascination which creates pleasure to those who seek the drawing-room for amusement. A fad fast taking root with the better classes of young ladies is hop-scotch, a game not uncommon in the drawing-room. It brings back childhood days in a most entrancing form and is bound to be popular. Men like to see a pretty foot, likewise a shapely leg, and that ladies are fully aware of. If a young lady can display her leg without being vulgar it attains two ends—first, it creates popularity for the fair one who possesses the shapely limb, secondly, it pleases the owner, who is naturally proud of her possessions.

At a residence in the north-west district of London the other night hop-scotch proved to be the attraction, and it seemed as though the men would never tire looking on. When a waltz was finally proposed it was noticed the men displayed considerable affection and animation when dancing around the room.

WILLIAM MORTIMER.

Clever 7st 4lb Pugilist.

(With Portrait.)

William Mortimer was born at Bethnal Green twenty-three years ago, stands 5ft 2½in in height, and scales 7st 4lb. Having early acquired the science of boxing he, under the tutelage of Patsy Sheehan, was introduced as the unknown, and fought Fred Bayford, of Epsom, whom he defeated in one round. Afterward he was matched with Mike Small, of Holloway. Joe Gates, of Chelsea, met Mortimer for the 7st championship and was defeated by Mortimer in eight rounds. Beat Wal Parker in three rounds. At Ben Hyams' competition Mortimer fought his way to the final bout. A match was then made for him against the holder of the 7st 4lb belt and Mortimer won in fifteen rounds, by defeating Bolton, of St. George's; matched with Beach, who gained the verdict after going through the stipulated twenty rounds. An unfortunate accident led to his paying forfeit to Pedlar Palmer whilst undergoing training. This quiet and unassuming little lad held the championship at 7st for three years and is still looking for customers at 7st 4lb, nobody barred.

"THERE'S WHERE THE SNORER SLEEPS."

A Pullman Car Guard's Method of Exposing a Peace Disturber.

(Subject of Illustration.)

"I had rather a strange experience travelling recently," said a gentleman, whilst drinking at a West End bar. "It was an all night journey, and I counted on a good rest. Imagine my surprise at midnight when a heavy snore disturbed my slumbers. I was not the only one, because on poking my head through the draperies I perceived that other passengers were expostulating with the guard. We tried repeatedly to sleep, but to no avail, and hearing hearty laughter I again looked out and noticed on the draperies covering a berth directly opposite a placard which said 'There's where the snorer sleeps!' We all displayed a desire to have a look at the disturber the following morning, and, to our surprise, instead of a man coming forth it was a pretty maiden of not over sixteen years of age. You could discern snickering about the car, but as the young lady was ignorant of what had transpired, she departed when her destination was reached, but we all had a good look at her, and if ever she enters another Pullman I, for one, will seek rest in an ordinary carriage."

POLICE-STATION MISTAKEN FOR A HOTEL.

The Plight of an Englishman who Imbibed too Freely.

(Subject of Illustration.)

"The Captain of Station 3, in Boston, U.S.A., was rather startled the other night," writes a correspondent, "when an Englishman stalked in with a rather unsteady gait and requested lodgings for the night. The Captain informed him as to the character of the house he was in, when the visitor slapped his cane down heavily on the desk, and shouted that he wanted no blasted joking about his call. An officer on house duty stepped into the office and led the misguided man to a hotel close by."

WHY WOMEN SMOKE.

How the Habit is Growing and Excuses Offered in Many Instances.

(Subject of Illustration.)

Rather a delicate subject to discuss is whether or no women should smoke. Countless numbers do, and particularly those who have a tendency to be a bit "stagey." Society opposes it, but how many members of society indulge in an occasional puff of the weed? Pretty girls delight in a cigarette, and if some of their mammas knew it they would be terribly put out at what would would appear to them such a vulgar habit.

Some girls smoke just because their fathers or brothers do, whilst others like to be contrary. Is it unladylike, and does it display frivolous and degenerated manners to do so? Perhaps it does, but, just the same, men love the girls that smoke, if in moderation, and encourage it; in fact, the girl that smokes is the first to catch on to a husband. They think it looks 'cute; well, it does if the cigarette is between a pair of sweet rosy lips, backed up by a pretty face and form, because good looks shroud a multitude of sins.

Members of the demi-monde on the Continent and in the States are lost without an occasional puff at a cigarette. Many actresses believe it is an actual necessity and would rather forego a substantial meal than after tea smoke.

Of late years it has become quite a fashionable habit in the upper circles for ladies to enjoy a smoke in the privacy of their own rooms; and, if anybody doubts our assertion, let them go the rounds of the West-End tobacconists and they will soon ascertain how the trade is increasing in ladies' cigarettes. They make them perfumed, so that a lady can enjoy a smoke; and when her "best man" calls for a kiss he will perceive a daintly perfumed breath instead of one tainted with tobacco.

When ladies enter a cigar store they are somewhat shy at first and will ask for her favourite brand of cigarette "just for her brother." After a few calls the shyness wears away and her purchases become a part of her life. When a girl makes her first essay at smoking it is just for fun or out of curiosity, and regards it as a filthy habit. If she is an old maid and imagines it improves digestion then she smokes only with a view "to aid digestion." In Ireland the peasant women resort to the "little ould dudeen," first "to ape the ould man," but it soon becomes a part of her existence to "bit the pipe" and sing about her "ould home so sweet and dear to her." Nothing worries her excepting when the tobacco runs out.

You will often hear of some noted actress taking solid comfort with her cigarette in her apartments just to clear her throat or assist her breathing organs. Many women will smoke just to soothe the nerves, because the weed appears to have a beneficial effect on an overtaxed system. You will occasionally find a girl smoke just because it is naughty, and she knows that anything that is naughty must be nice.

A great many clergymen object to women indulging in the weed, but they themselves do it, and if they are privileged to smoke why shouldn't women be? Anyway their preachings only tend toward urging women to partake of the cigarette, and what looks sweeter than to see a pretty woman handle a cigarette in an artistic and saucy manner, emitting from her sweet lips rings of smoke, and besides how clever some of them can roll a cigarette. It may be indiscreet for women to smoke, but it is bound to become fashionable in time, it is too fetching to lose caste with the men.

THEY THOUGHT IT "FUNNY."

Mischievous Boys Set Fire to a Darkey Who is Saturated with Oil.

(Subject of Illustration.)

A contemptible trick was played on an old darkey at Richmond, Virginia, recently by two young vagabonds which may cause the miscreants considerable trouble before they get the affair quieted down. In the billiard room of one of the hotels a darkey was cleaning up, and two well-known young men of the town conceived the idea of having fun with the coon. They procured a can of oil, and, throwing the darkey on a billiard table, poured the contents of the can on the victim's clothing, and then ignited the oil. The old darkey made a desperate effort to free himself, and his pleadings only incited the scoundrels to keep up their contemptible task. Luckily the clerk responded to the darkey's appeals and had both of the victims arrested. It was with much difficulty that they extinguished the flames and only succeeded after the darkey was severely burnt. Both the miscreants will have to stand trial unless the case is settled in the meantime.

Mother-in-law: "This is a pretty time of night for you to be coming home. My daughter is boiling mad with rage."

Son-in-law: "Boiling, is she? Maybe after a while she will learn how to cook if I keep on coming home late."

JEM MACE.

The Last of England's Ring Champions.

(Continued.)

It was in February, 1860, that Mace, then the host of the King John, Holywell Lane, Shoreditch (a house previously occupied by the Spider), met one of the most accomplished blacks who ever entered the ring—no less a person than the ebony phenomenon, Bob Travers. Through police interference the men fought in two rings. Mace had injured his hand against the stake in the first ring, and when he arrived home at the King John, prior to making arrangements for the second meeting next day, his hand was so injured as to be practically useless. In vain his friends tried to induce Mace to give in. "No," said Jem, "they have called me coward too often. It shall never be said that Mace was licked by a black man. I will die first." All night long, in the greatest of agony, Mace submitted to continual bathing of the injured limb, and on the next day, February 22, when the men met down the river, Jem practically fought the black with one hand. Travers, finding he could not make headway against superior science and weight, resorted to a series of droppings; and at length was disqualified for falling without a blow.

About this time Lord Drumlanrig, the son of a Marquis of Queensberry, was the principal promoter of the fistic sport, and his lordship did not disdain to meet all comers with the gloves, however lowly. One evening at the Mitre, in St. Martin's Lane, when Mace, after his escapade with Madden, was under a cloud and glad of the "humble shower" which rewarded the efforts of the boxers at this house, he was introduced to his lordship as an "unknown." Lord Drumlanrig invited Jem to have a "light spar," and soon the boxing became exciting in the extreme. His lordship's beautiful ruffled shirt, in which he always sparred, was ribboned, and when, after a most exciting bout, he pulled off the gloves and enquired from the host of the Mitre the name of his adversary, "Ould Nat" replied: "Mace, of Norwich." At which his lordship, turning to Mace, said, "Who would you like to fight?" Bob Brettle, replied Jem. "Well then (to Nat) match him against Brettle or any other man at his weight." Mace has often told how Nat refused to put any of his own money down when Brettle was there with *his* money and his lordship was not; and as Lord Drumlanrig horrified the sporting world with his suicide soon afterwards, Mace was never able to take advantage of the unfortunate lord's good intent.

Strange to say, it was no aristocrat who backed Mace for his second venture with Brettle: it was no less a personage than Bill Richardson, of the Blue Anchor, Shoreditch, who has said, "Jem Mace is the hardest hitter in the prize-ring. I saw him on one occasion take a piece clean off Brettle's ear by the force of his blow." When Richardson backed Mace for his second fight with Brettle, like the astute general he was, he determined Mace should not, as in the first encounter, lose the fight through being flurried. "Jem," said the host of the Blue Anchor, "I will give you ten pounds if, when you get into the ring, you will, after shaking hands, step back and rub your hands." This was sage advice, for it prevented Mace being too impetuous; and the result was that after two short interrupted engagements, part September 9, 1860, in Oxfordshire, and part September 20, down the river, Mace, never throwing away a chance, beat his former opponent with the greatest ease.

About this time, Sam Hurst, "The Staleybridge Infant," a man of enormous bulk, and a wrestler to wit, had, by staving in several of Tom Paddock's ribs by one blow, won the championship. This man Mace had the temerity to meet in the home circuit on June 13, 1861. It was David and Goliath over again. The newspapers of all classes and all creeds of the time teemed with the account of the fight between strength *versus* science. The field where the men fought was like a slaughter-house, and in forty minutes Mace had his man hopelessly settled. Six months afterwards Mace met and defeated the scientific sailor boy, Tom King. It was in the second fight with King that the over-powering amorousness of Mace, resulted in his downfall. Jack Hicks, who was matched to fight Gallagher on the same day fixed for Mace's fight with King, had acted the part of trainer to Jem, and for some inscrutable reason had removed his charge from his training quarters the night prior to the fight to Mace's hostelry, the King John. As women are the trainer's worst foe, no wonder then, that Hicks, on waking in the early hours of the morning and missing his charge, was immensely concerned; and more so when he found that Jem, prior to a great fight, had sought the marital couch. All who have read the history of the prize ring know that when half an hour had expired Mace had his opponent apparently beaten. Urged on by his seconds to finish his man, Jem left an opening as he sought to bring the right across, and King, having a good punch still left in him, cross countered. Tom just reached home before Mace, with the result that the latter fell dazed from the shock of the collision. Hicks, unfortunately, was engaged settling his affair with Gallagher, or he would have known, after the previous night's performance, that Jem required the most careful nursing. Mace's seconds, not understanding the position of affairs, sent him up to fight, instead of counselling him to keep away and husband his strength until he had recovered from the effects of the terrific blow—a blow which would not have been nearly so fatal in its results had Mace, prior to the fight, exercised a little self-restraint.

However, Tom King found that his championship honours were dearly bought. In every public place Mace derided the idea of Tom King being acknowledged champion. Repeated challenges having no effect, Jem took matters into his own hands, and meeting King outside Tattersall's, a third scrap ensued, in which Tom was receiver-general, with a bad black eye.

Events in the lives of men other than fistic champions combine to place them, through no fault of their own, in circumstances which redound little to their credit, and this was the case with Mace. After defeating Goss for £1,000 a-side, the latter, who, strange to say, never knew when he was beaten, made another match for £200 a-side and the champion belt. During the training for this match Mace sprained his ankle—a fact which, for fear of getting to the other side, was kept a profound secret. Again was he asked to forfeit, but Mace persisted in entering the ring. As Mace could not follow Goss, and the latter was afraid to attack Mace, after one round, occupying over an hour, the referee, Mr. C. Westhall, who was not in the know, disgusted with what he considered the cowardice of the men, gave the fight in a draw. "I was never so pleased in my life," Mace remarked, in speaking of this fight, "when I heard the referee's decision. I should never have been able to stand on my feet much longer." Nothing would do after this but that Master Joe must make a match, so that he could get near the "blanker" in a sixteen-foot ring: and everybody knows how utterly Joe's pretensions were knocked in the head in the short space of a quarter of an hour. After the third meeting Joe had a wholesome terror of his conqueror, and one anecdote to that effect will suffice.

In one of the night-houses then existing in the Haymarket, Jem Mace, in company with Fred Atherton, had come into collision with two seafaring captains, much to the latters' detriment. Burning for revenge, and not knowing their opponents, they enlisted the services of Joe Goss on their behalf, and travelled the West End in search of their antagonist. They found them at last at the Cambrian Stores, Castle Street, Leicester Square. "Here they are! Hear they are!" exclaimed the Seamen. "Where?" said Goss. "Why, there!" (looking through the crack of the door). "Why, that's Jem Mace," exclaimed Joe." "I've had enough of him," and with that he made off, and so did the mariners.

We shall pass over the fiasco with Coburn, who wanted to fight in Ireland, with a referee of his own choosing, and the forfeit from Wormald, who sprained the muscle of his arm while training, to another fiasco which placed Jem in an unpleasant light before the English public. Thirty years ago everybody knew Jack Coney, who kept a pub. in Panton Street, Haymarket. It was while driving from Jack's house that Tom Sayers, minus his overcoat, caught a chill which eventually brought him to Highgate Cemetery. Jack was the guide, philosopher, and friend of the Fancy, and in that capacity often found the needful, and it was no unusual thing in the days of old for men to fight for stakes of £200; and yet two or three thousand pounds be drawn from various sources to make up the two hundred in order that the "mugs" might have a bit in the stakes. Now something of this kind took place over the O'Baldwin and Mace match. In fact, so much money had been drawn on behalf of Mace by the late lamented Jack Coney that, fearing the result of the fight, as Jem was as fit as a fiddle, he induced him on the eve of the battle to take up his quarters in company with his cousins, Tiney and Pooley, in a cottage supposed to be near the spot selected for the encounter. In the meantime big Inspector Silverton, well known years ago in the Haymarket, was communicated with, and he and his merry men made a raid on the cottage. Pooley Mace has frequently said how he and his cousin Tiney—mere lads—fought like lions to prevent Jem's capture, but they were overpowered and handcuffed together like two felons and conveyed to the local lock-up.

Again was Mace's capture made the subject matter to revive old scandals, and his name made a scoff by men unworthy to carry his boots. Mace was bound over and eventually finding no claimant to dispute his title to the champion belt, he claimed it by right of ability from the Editor of *Bell's Life*, and finding nobody in England he went abroad seeking fresh worlds to conquer, eventually winning three championship belts, America, California, and Australia.

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(With Portrait.)

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SUPPRESSION OF FINE ART PICTURES.

Works of Art Regarded as too Indecent for Public Exposure.

(Subject of Illustration.)

A firm of fine-art dealers in Glasgow exhibited in their shop window six mezzotints and photogravures from important pictures by English artists. These engravings had been on view for two days when the Chief Constable of Glasgow called and requested that they should be removed, on the ground that they excited too much public interest. The pictures in question were Sir Frederic Leighton's "Bath of Pysche," Mr. Watt's "Diana and Endymion," Mr. Poynter's "Visit to Æsculapius," Mr. Arthur Hacker's "Syrinx," and Mr. Solomon's "Orpheus" and "The Judgment of Paris." Rumour is to the effect that several sanctimonious people are going the rounds searching for works of art that give the female form too much prominence, and are preparing for a series of prosecutions. In several places paintings have been taken down from the walls and subjected to the closest possible inspection, when an ordinary glance would be sufficient to reveal all that was to be seen.

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